

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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## THE GREAT DEPRESSION JOKE

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### A BREAKAWAY FROM THE COMMONWEALTH?

#### AUSTRALIA SPLIT ON TARIFFS

The Policy Which Was To  
Unite the Empire

#### A VERY QUEER SITUATION

A decision which may have far-reaching effects on the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Australia has just been arrived at by the citizens of Western Australia.

In a referendum held at the same time as their General Election they voted by a majority of two to one in favour of the secession of their State from the Federal Commonwealth which came into existence on the first day of this century. Further, they voted against the proposal that a Convention should be summoned from all the States for a revision of the Federal Constitution.

Why has this strange thing happened, and what quarrel has this State with her sister States that she should wish to be independent of all the rest of Australia? The answer is Tariffs.

#### Cinderella of the Family

The strong Protectionist policy of the Commonwealth has had the effect of making Western Australia the Cinderella of the family, her two big sisters being New South Wales and Victoria. These sisters live a long way off, and have little realised that the policy they have pursued since the war has made very hard the lot of the smaller States, which rely almost entirely on primary production.

But it may be said that there is Free Trade between the six States of the Commonwealth, and that surely, as in America, is a mutual benefit. It is not a benefit, for many reasons.

In the first place, there is hardly a manufactured article in Australia which is not subject to a prohibitive tariff.

#### Handicapping the Farmers

Every plough and implement used on the farm and all machinery used in the mine are very expensive, adding greatly to the cost of the production of the State's natural wealth. In addition, every object in the home is dear owing to the mania of the eastern towns for making everything for themselves.

Western Australia has tried to make these things for herself, but finds that her goods are undersold by imports from the eastern States. On the other hand, as the main market for her agricultural produce is overseas, tariffs do not help her to sell them. Again, all trade between her ports and the rest of Australia has to be carried in Australian ships. Shipping from England may not compete with Australian vessels carrying manufactures from the ports of the eastern seaboard to Perth and other Western Australian ports;

### Setting the Sails



The Round Pond in Kensington Gardens attracts yachting enthusiasts of all ages with craft of many types. Here is a splendid model being prepared by a boy with the help of his sister.

they have to do the journey half-empty, an uneconomic procedure for all parties.

With a population of 420,000 out of Australia's total of 6,500,000, and with an area comprising a third of the island, the people of the State do not feel that their proportional representation of five members in the Commonwealth Lower House counts. They are a week's journey away, and are very much out of the picture. The necessity in recent years for the Federal Legislature to control the finances of the several States has emphasised this inferiority complex in relation to the more populous States, which can impose tariffs and embargoes in their own interests and in direct conflict with those of States which are chiefly agricultural.

Even the High Court of the Commonwealth has made decisions detrimental to Western Australia. As much as 20 per cent of the loans she raises in London for her own development have to be paid into the Federal revenues,

forming a tax not anticipated when Western Australia consented to the Constitution of the Commonwealth.

Mr Lyons, the Federal Prime Minister, has since taken steps to convene a conference to discuss the problem. The Federal Parliament can amend the Constitution, but any amendment must be ratified in a referendum of all Australia. It is doubtful if the industrial areas will see the point of view of the agricultural areas, and it is certain that they would not consent to an appeal to the Imperial Parliament, and by the Statute of Westminster our Parliament cannot legislate without such consent.

It is a curious situation. Here is a State which longs for freer trade with its Motherland, to the mutual advantage of both, and can be prevented from securing it by the selfishness of its sister States toward both mother and daughter.

A very curious comment, truly, on the policy of tariffs which is to unite the Empire but is ruining the world.

### CINDERELLA

World's Favourite Story  
Comes True

#### THE FAIRY GODFATHER IN THE POOR COTTAGE

From Cardiff comes a true story as delightful as anything that ever came out of a fairy book.

One day a young woman was taking her baby for a walk in a recreation ground when she fell in with an elderly man who seemed hard up, and told her that he was lonely. Now the woman was hard up too, because ever since her marriage her husband had had very bad luck, and had constantly been thrown out of work. But she felt lucky, compared with the stranger, because she was not lonely, for she had the love of her husband and child. So out of her wealth she helped him.

She took him home to her husband, Arthur Williams, an unemployed window-cleaner. They were poor, and another child was coming, but they somehow managed to befriend the man who seemed even poorer than they.

His name was Hemmingway, and he seemed to be an ordinary working-man.

#### Poverty Finds Real Friends

After a time he left Cardiff. Now the Williams family has heard that he has died and left Mrs Williams £60,000. Mr Hemmingway made a fortune while he was abroad—in oil, it is believed. But evidently he found that 'money brings false friends'; he pretended to be poor, and soon found real ones.

Now the plucky little woman who struggled to make of one room a clean, bright home will be able to have big sunny nurseries for her children and flowers in her drawing-room; and instead of wondering where the next meal is to come from she will be able to

Sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,  
And feed upon strawberries, sugar, and cream.

If she had not made the best of bad times, and if, instead of pitying the stranger, she had been pitying herself, this wonderful thing would never have come about.

The story of Mrs Williams's legacy is the story of Cinderella, the world's favourite story, come true.

#### BETTER THAN STRIKES

The League of Nations idea has at last spread to our cotton industry.

Instead of strikes and lock-outs arbitration is in future to be the method of settling disputes, as in that which was lately brought by the Wrens Nest Mills at Glossop before the Cotton Conciliation Board.

With Mr Charles Doughty, K.C., as independent chairman, Sir Felix Pole for the employers, and Mr Arthur Pugh for the operatives, it is hoped that the solution will be found acceptable to men and masters.



## BROTHERS ON THE THRONE

And Friendship Among the Peoples

### HOW TWO COUNTRIES SETTLED A DISPUTE

Two brothers sit on the thrones of Norway and Denmark, and their subjects live on friendly terms. When they have a difference they act as all civilised nations should, and settle it.

Two years ago a dispute arose between them about the ownership of the east coast of Greenland, which is called Eric the Red's Land after the Norseman who named this white land Greenland in the hope of attracting settlers. Settlers have been few, and it is on this account that the question of ownership arose.

When, in the year before Waterloo, Norway was transferred from Denmark to Sweden, the King of Denmark retained his rights over Iceland, the Faroe Islands, and Denmark. The Danes have not done much to develop Greenland, not 300 Danes dwelling on its 47,000 square miles, but there were hunting and fishing, and the resulting trade became a State Monopoly.

### A Happy Precedent

Though many treaties among the nations recognise that Greenland belonged to Denmark, two years ago Norway raised its flag over an area the Danes had not touched. The Danes protested, and referred their claim of entire sovereignty over Greenland to be decided by the Permanent Court of Justice at The Hague. By 12 votes to two the judges rejected the claim of Norway, and promptly the Norwegian Prime Minister announced that his country would accept The Hague decision. The King of Norway sent a telegram to his brother of Denmark congratulating him and his people on the successful result of their claim.

The careful investigation by the Court and the exact legal expression of the rights of both parties are a happy precedent for any future disputes by other nations. If only Japan had been willing to proceed to an impartial trial of her cause on these lines, how much better it would have been not only for herself and for China, but also for the rest of the world!

### 1914 AND 1933

#### Lady Seaforth Remembers

One more noble thing has been done in this wonderful and incredible world.

On the first day of the war Baroness Seaforth, who was in Germany at the time, was arrested there on a charge of being a spy. She was held prisoner for two or three days and then released.

She has now died, and out of her great fortune has left more than a quarter of a million pounds to German charities, to be distributed by the German Red Cross, an act of goodwill, surely, which should do much to satisfy the German people that no ill-feeling exists for them in this country.

Lady Seaforth has left three-quarters of a million pounds to charities in which she had been interested for many years. Dr Barnardo's Home receives £30,000, the London Hospital £20,000, and 19 other hospitals, societies, and charities receive £10,000 each.

### A DOCK-GATE'S TRIP

A great caisson weighing 1700 tons has just been towed from the Tees to Southampton. It is a gateway for the biggest graving dock in the world, which is being made at Southampton.

The caisson is 138 feet long, 58 feet high, and nearly 30 feet wide, and when it is made to slide into position to close the entrance, so that the dock can be pumped dry, it will withstand an outside water pressure of 6000 tons.

## ARMCHAIR TALKS FOR NATIONS

The Visits To Washington GETTING READY TO BRING DOWN TARIFFS

Events have been moving swiftly. Mr Roosevelt has invited the interested Powers to send representatives to America to discuss, quietly and informally with him, all their present difficulties.

Mr Roosevelt recognises that it is going to be asking for trouble if the nations meet in London for the Economic Conference without a considerable measure of agreement as to the best course to pursue. He first invited Mr MacDonald because our Premier is to be Chairman of the Conference, and the Prime Minister was quick to hurry across the Atlantic for an armchair talk.

Unable to go himself, the Prime Minister of France has sent M. Herriot, with full powers to discuss the subjects at issue on behalf of his Government. Other nations all over the world are welcoming the invitations to Washington.

### A Profound Evil

The American Administration has definitely admitted that the high Tariff Policy of the last 12 years has been injurious both to America and to the rest of the world. The intense economic nationalism so prevalent everywhere is a profound evil which must be ended so that trade can flow freely between the nations again. America herself humbly enough takes her seat first on the international penitent form. Mr Cordell Hull, the U.S. Secretary of State, has declared that owing to the artificial restrictions of trade the world's drop in trade has amounted to about 7000 million pounds, the loss of America alone being a fifth of that.

A universal revival of trade is absolutely essential, and this is what Mr Roosevelt is aiming at in these conferences. It is a great step forward to have the heads of Governments realising that trade must be free from restrictions, that tariffs must come down or disappear. Free Trade and World Prosperity are as lock and key together.

## JOHN SHORT'S LONG LIFE IS OVER

England's Most Famous Chanteyman

John Short has sung his last sea chantey. The deep and powerful voice of this natural musician will be no more heard in Watchet.

After 95 years of a full and varied life, first as a sailor, then in his old age as town crier of Watchet, this grand old man of Somerset, the most famous of all chanteymen in our little island, has gone to his rest.

It was through Cecil Sharp that he became famous. In July 1914, that last happy month of the Peace before Armageddon, John Short sang more than 60 sea chanteys in three days, as one after another they came into his memory, while his listeners wrote them down. Of these more than a dozen might have been lost, for they had never appeared in any collection of sea songs.

Because of his extraordinary memory and the flexibility of his voice he was able to sing the most delicate runs and sequences. Thus many of the versions he gave of already collected songs excelled those taken down from other sailors. They were of better quality and more exact.

Old John was the chief contributor to Cecil Sharp's English Folk Chanteys. At 92 he was still singing almost as well as when he was twenty. All his sailing life was spent in windjammers, for he did not believe in steamships. It was his opinion that they did not produce real sailors.

## SAVED FROM A VILLAIN

A Fortune Reaches the Poor-Box at Last STORY WITH A HAPPY ENDING

There is many a slip twixt cup and lip.

A strange story lies behind the news that the Bank of Montreal has been ordered to pay a large sum of money to Sir Oswald Simpkin, the Public Trustee, who is the executor of Mr J. A. Drinan. This rich recluse, who died at Nice two years ago, left a fortune to be divided among the poor-boxes of the London Police Courts.

All seemed to be plain sailing until, through the diligence of one of his clerks, the Public Trustee discovered that distributing the money was not going to be as simple as he expected.

### A Little Sherlock Holmes Work

There was an unknown villain in the plot of this little story of real life, and some shady work had been done so cleverly that it had almost escaped notice. A large sum of money and valuable securities had been transferred apparently by forgery to somebody else.

A little Sherlock Holmes work soon revealed that Mr Drinan, who was supposed to have lived a solitary life cut off from the world, had fallen into the hands of adventurers. One of these was a Syrian who, by forgery, had managed to transfer to himself nearly 11,000 shares in the Canadian Pacific Railway.

When the case was tried a few days ago the judge ordered the Bank of Montreal, Mr Drinan's bankers, to make good the heavy costs of obtaining possession of the shares and to pay damages of about £36,000.

As a result there is a happy ending to the story, for the 16 poor-boxes of the London Police Courts are now to receive £80,000. We can only guess at the amount of good that will come from this splendid windfall, so much of which nearly went into the pocket of the villain of the plot.

## EINSTEIN AND HIS OWN COUNTRY

The Bitter Problem Germany is Creating

We are delighted to learn that Professor Einstein has accepted professorships in Madrid and in Paris.

He has renounced German nationality and thus cuts himself off from the land to which his name gave so much fame. It is astounding that the German nation should have put itself wrong with the world by persecuting the Jews.

There are believed to be 800,000 Jews in Germany. They cannot escape from the country like Professor Einstein, because most of them have not the means to do so, and because emigration restrictions are very severe. It is terrible to contemplate the locking-up of this enormous number of people in a land which has officially declared that it despises them. It is creating one of the most appalling minority problems in Europe at a time when minority problems are already causing much disturbance.

Germany needs all the friends she can get, and the C.N., which has had nothing but goodwill for her in all these years, invites her new rulers to reflect on the fact that their treatment of the Jews has already lost her a host of powerful friends. Herr Hitler has made one of the greatest mistakes in history. He would be wise to repair it; if he does not it will have to be paid for.

Another happy thing about Einstein's going to Madrid is that centuries ago Spain ejected her Jews. It is a comfort to think that in the republican Spain of today a Jew can settle honourably. That is something gained for civilisation, and we hope Germany will note the fact.

## THE PURSE OF FORTUNATUS

ONLY £5 LEFT AT LAST Romance of the Man Who Made Harrods

MAKING AND SPENDING

*He made a million and left £5*

In those few words are summed up the life and the work of Mr Edgar Cohen, whom most people had forgotten till they read of his death and the beggarly sum he left in his will.

Yet there was all the romance of the race for wealth in his story and even more of the barrenness of the struggle. The beginnings of his fortune were laid on a chance meeting in a bus. There he began an acquaintance with Mr Charles Harrod, who had set up Harrods Stores. The stores were shortly afterwards burned down, and Mr Cohen bought the remains of the business.

With resistless energy he set about the work of reorganisation, and from the ashes he saw arise the Phoenix of a new Harrods which now spreads its wings from the Old World to the New. After that everything he touched turned to gold. He saw what could be done with taxicabs, and, having been one of the first to put them on the London streets, he sat back to listen to their clocks clicking money into his pocket.

### A Pitiful Story

It did not stay there. It was scattered more lightly than it had come in. He liked spending even more than getting; the golden sovereigns were spilled on lavish entertaining, and in that bottomless sink for fortunes—the Turf.

That and other easy ways of spending money proved at last that his purse was not bottomless as the Turf. There was only a £5 note in it when he died; a poor old man of eighty.

It sounds a rather pitiful story with no moral except the ageless one that "Time and chance happeneth to them all," however wealthy and wise they may have seemed to be. But we need not be too sorry for him, for he may have got out of life all that he wanted, or thought that he deserved.

## NOT FIT TO HAVE HIS CATTLE

A Cornish farmer has been fined for cruelty to his cattle and, further, has been deprived of all the rest of the herd which remained alive.

The R.S.P.C.A. inspector found the animals in such a starved condition that some of them had mercifully to be put to death. The farmer had 41 animals, and it is almost incredible that in his own interests he should not have cared for them in a proper manner. But the remarkable fact is that a man should be deprived of the power to be cruel by having his cattle taken from him, a very salutary and hopeful act of justice and humanity.

## THINGS SAID

Only a few ideas separate barbarism from civilisation. Sir Norman Angell

There can be no Art for Art's sake in a Nazi State. Art must have a sense of responsibility.

Dr Goebbels of the German Government. The disease of ribbon development is a disgrace to the country.

Mr Knapp-Fisher. Man can only escape being the slave of events by being their master.

Mr Wickham Steed. We cannot enjoy an oasis of prosperity in an impoverished world; or an oasis of peace in a world at war.

Sir Arthur Salter



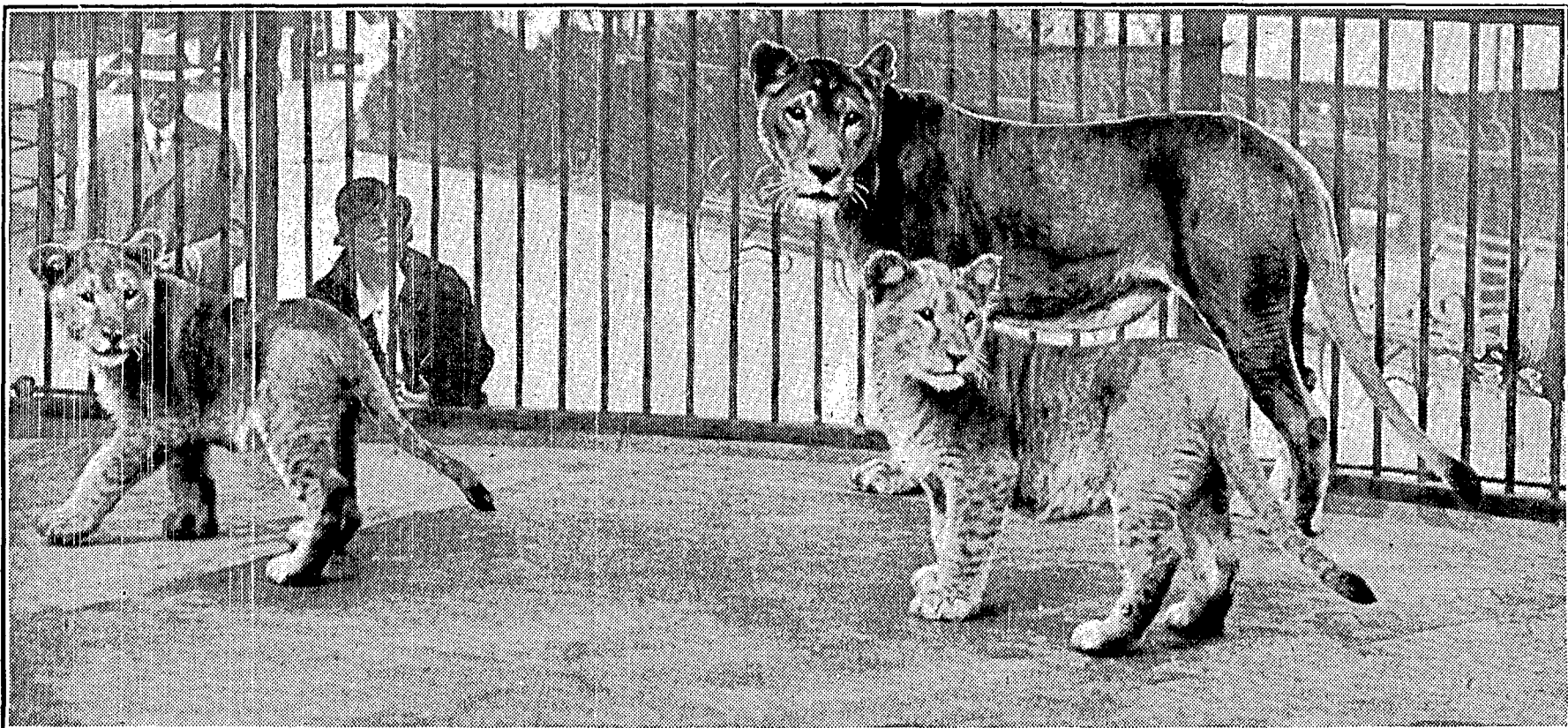
# ATHLETES IN ACTION · BOATING IN THE PARK · A MERRY FIDDLER



**A Merry Fiddler**—This young fiddler is entertaining some friends at an open-air rehearsal for a concert given by the pupils of a school at Bangor in County Down.



**The Stilt Walkers**—The men who attend to the wiring of poles in the hopfields of Kent work on stilts. Here are two of them waiting to cross the road at Watlingtonbury.



**A Proud Mother**—A well-known little family at the London Zoo is that of Lena the lioness and her two cubs.



**The Relay Race**—A splendid action-picture taken at a school sports at Oxford.



**A Hard-Working Crew**—London's little sailors have a splendid craft in which to voyage on the Regent's Park lake. They use paddles when there is not a favourable breeze.



**Putting the Weight**—I. S. Ivanovic, who recently made a throw of 38 feet 5 inches.



## THE SLUM WAR BEGINNING AT LAST Government Waking Up To the Need and the Opportunity BUT WHY WAIT?

We frankly rejoice that the Ministry of Health has at last tackled boldly the slum problem.

As our readers know, we have for years past urged that it needs only purpose and determination to wipe out the reproach that so many of our people are still living in unhealthy tenements where children are robbed of health and strength and adults are sickly because they were reared in such conditions.

As briefly recorded in the C.N. last week, the Ministry of Health has sent out a striking circular to local authorities calling upon them to prepare programmes for slum demolition and the rehousing of their inmates within a definite period.

### The Official Plan

The circular demands that slum programmes must be forwarded to the Ministry of Health by September 30 this year, and should be drawn up to clear the slums not later than 1938.

This is excellent, and we have only one criticism to make. It is that the plans ought to be prepared before September 30 and that the work ought to be finished before 1938. Do not let us believe that these things cannot be done promptly. If we are tempted to think that, let us reflect on all that was done during the war. In the last two years of the war enormous new factories were equipped and put into operation. Mountains of munitions were turned out and great new industries were established.

It did not take five years because there were not five years to spare.

Nevertheless, it is such a comfort to get decisive action from the Government that we cordially welcome the Ministry of Health circular.

### Cheap Building

It is a splendid time to do the work because builders and the building-supply trades are unemployed, while money is cheap and building costs are very low.

Local authorities can actually borrow money for three per cent or less. Not only so, but under the Housing Act of 1930 a subsidy is payable equivalent to £15 a year for each non-parlour house with three bedrooms.

We wish the Ministry of Health and the local authorities godspeed in this work. It will rescue hundreds of thousands of little children from a life of ill-health, while it will afford a good deal of most useful employment.

Pity it is that the plans need not be forwarded until September.

We hope these words will meet the eye of many of the local officials concerned, and that they will plan in weeks instead of months. We have no doubt that the Ministry of Health will put no obstacle in the way of any local authority which desires to move quickly.

## FLYING AT HALF THE SPEED OF SOUND

Air records are made to be broken, and when Flight-Lieutenant Stainforth flew over the measured mile in 1931 at more than 407 miles an hour it was certain that his speed would be increased before long by somebody.

Now the speed record has gone to Italy, Warrant Officer Agello having made four flights over a measured mile on Lake Garda at an average of nearly 424 miles an hour. His Macchi monoplane had a Fiat engine developing 2800 horse-power to drive two propellers.

Signor Agello's speed was more than seven miles a minute. How long will it be before man flies faster than sound, which travels nearly 13 miles a minute?

## OLD LADY OF 92 Widowed by a Battle Long Ago

### A CHAPTER OF RED INDIAN HISTORY

With the death of Mrs Elizabeth Custer in New York at 92 we lose one of the last links with the days when Redskins were a fear and a power.

Today the Red Indians live peacefully under the Government; but we are apt to forget that the old days are not so very far behind.

In 1876 the United States had to send General George Custer to deal with the Sioux Indians. The old lady who has just died was then a woman of 35. Her husband had come safely through the American Civil War, and now he was exposed to this new danger.

We can be sure that he made light of it, and told her that they were going to grow old together, because we know that he underestimated the strength of the Indians.

### Not a Man Returned

The Redmen were encamped on the Little Big Horn River. Custer attacked their village with 200 men and ordered 277 to attack on the other side of the village at the same time. Not a single man ever returned. There were 9000 Red Indians encamped, and they killed every one of their enemies.

Later, people came to the scene of that terrible slaughter, and buried the men where they lay. The old battleground has been kept sacred to their memories ever since; but for most people the memory is of old, unhappy far-off things, and battles long ago, battles of another age, battles belonging to the almost legendary days when Redskins were the terror of the Palefaces.

The grief of 57 years ago must have seemed like the grief of 600 years ago to many of the people who visited that National Cemetery on Little Big Horn River, little guessing that there still lived a woman widowed by that battle.

### FALLING FOUR MILES

A recent experiment has destroyed an old belief.

Mr Tranum, the parachute jumper, wishes to break the world's record for a fall before opening the parachute, and the other day he made experiments to discover whether he could fall 24,000 feet without losing consciousness.

He went into a low-pressure chamber and the pressure was slowly reduced, as though he were ascending to 24,000 feet in an aeroplane. Then, when conditions resembling that height were reached, a signal was given, and the parachutist was supposed to have jumped. Swiftly the pressure was increased, at just the speed of a man falling through the air. Except for the bump at the end, Mr Tranum, sitting in his little box in London, experienced what a man would experience in falling four miles.

He did not faint, and he did not feel ill. Now he is satisfied that he could safely drop a tremendous height before opening the parachute.

### THE TWO-FACED STAMP

The C.N. numbers many ardent stamp collectors among its readers, and they will be interested to learn of a unique philatelic error which has been discovered in London.

A sheet of halfpenny stamps was issued and sent to a suburban post office with the King's head printed on both sides! The surprising part about the whole thing is that six stamps from the sheet were sold without notice, and it was not till a collector chanced along to buy the seventh that the error was discovered.

We understand that the printers print 24,000,000 stamps of all kinds during a week, and never before had such a thing happened within their knowledge.

## SISTER CELINE A Life of Sacrifice in the Heart of London

London has lost a saint who for more than half a century lived close to the gayest part of the city, invisible to all but a small community.

Sister Celine, who has lately passed on in her 82nd year, spent her childhood in Luxembourg: 55 years ago she came to London, and at only 27 was made Sister Superior of the French Hospital in Shaftesbury Avenue which gives free treatment to any sick person of any nationality provided they are poor and speak French.

During all these years she had been a voluntary exile from her beautiful country. Beyond an occasional short holiday she scarcely left the hospital for more than two hours a week.

### In the Hospital Wards

The austere life suited her, for until a few months ago she had never had a day's illness. While all was glitter and gaiety outside, and London's theatre-goers were passing by on their way to spend an evening of enjoyment, Sister Celine, in the stern black habit of her order, might have been seen flitting about hospital wards whispering a word of comfort here, rebinding an uncomfortable bandage there, or giving some drug to deaden pain.

Even when virtue is hidden its beams have a way of shining through the most guarded doors. So the fame of this wonderful old lady reached France, and six years ago a great day came for her. The French Government decided that she must have some reward for her long years of service, and President Doumergue himself pinned on her habit the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

When she retired a few months ago she asked that she might be allowed to stay on in the hospital, for she wanted to die in the place where she had spent so many years of her life. Needless to say, this greatly-loved Sister Superior was granted her wish.

## THE LEAGUE AND THE CHILDREN

### Better Future For Them

The happiness and welfare of children have taken up a week of the League's time and attention.

The interest of the Child Welfare Committee lies in the wide range of subjects studied and in the different members who make the special studies to bring before their colleagues. The Danish delegate, for example, brought a very full report on the needs of blind children and the way in which they are met in various countries, the further help that might be given them, the possibilities of international exchange of Braille literature and music.

In connection with this a British representative gave a most interesting account of Scouting and Guiding for blind boys and girls. The Rumanian delegate brought a very full report on desertion and the need of introducing standard legislation. The delegate for Poland had studied the disastrous effects of the economic crisis on children and young people. The International Labour Office having made an inquiry into these effects, and into possible remedies, an official of the Office shared in this as well as in all the other discussions.

He had a warm tribute to pay to the Child Welfare Committee for its recommendations concerning the employment of children in light work. This had been very valuable to the I.L.O. when it drafted the convention on the employment of children which was adopted at the last session of the Labour Conference.

An official of the League Health Organisation gave an account of its work for the health of schoolchildren and for mothers and babies, and of its studies of the effects of the present crisis on health.

## MISS CLARKE'S NEPHEW Fortune Waiting 16 Years

### WORLD-WIDE SEARCH FOR A MAN CLOSE BY

It is not often that a fortune goes begging, but we have just heard of one waiting to be claimed for 16 years.

It was in 1917 that Miss Sarah Clarke died in Hemel Hempstead, leaving her money to a nephew. Her solicitors tried to find the nephew through advertisements, but year after year went by and still no heir appeared to take the money. The solicitors may have thought of him as a rolling stone who had rolled to the other side of the world, and had come to rest, perhaps on some Pacific beach, because he could not pay his fare home again.

Yet all the time he was the spruce foreman who came and went in a shoe factory, punctual as a clock. Moreover, he lived no farther away than Rothwell in Northamptonshire.

### The Plot of a Novel

He was found in a most curious fashion. The solicitors, tired of advertising in other papers, tried a French one, and a relative saw it in France, and telegraphed to Rothwell.

Sixteen years is a long, long time. Often there must have been moments when a decision had to be taken, and it would have been a very different one if there had been money in the bank. The fear of unemployment must sometimes have been there too, for in the last troublous years every trade has been shadowed by it.

So here is the plot of a novel. A man works and suffers and worries through hard times. Then a mysterious dream personage gives him the chance to live through the years again as a rich man. The hero marries a fortune hunter, and his children grow up spoiled and selfish. He wakes up glad of the humbly-born steel-true wife and the sturdy children who have shared his bad times and will now share the good.

Who knows? Perhaps it was some good fairy keeping Mr Clarke from seeing those advertisements.

## ST MALO'S FLEET GOES OUT

### An Age-Old Scene Once More

The first Sunday in April is the right time to be at St Malo in Brittany, for a moving, age-old ceremony takes place on the shore outside the harbour.

Sometimes amid storm, sometimes with sunshine, always in a high wind, a group of fishermen with their kindred kneel on the sand, while the priest, in white lace surplice over his black cassock, and capped with his black satin beret, reads the Mass in front of his simple altar, and afterwards, like some St Francis, blesses the fishermen, their schooners flying scores of gay pennons, and the sea itself, while two little boys in white stoles swing censers.

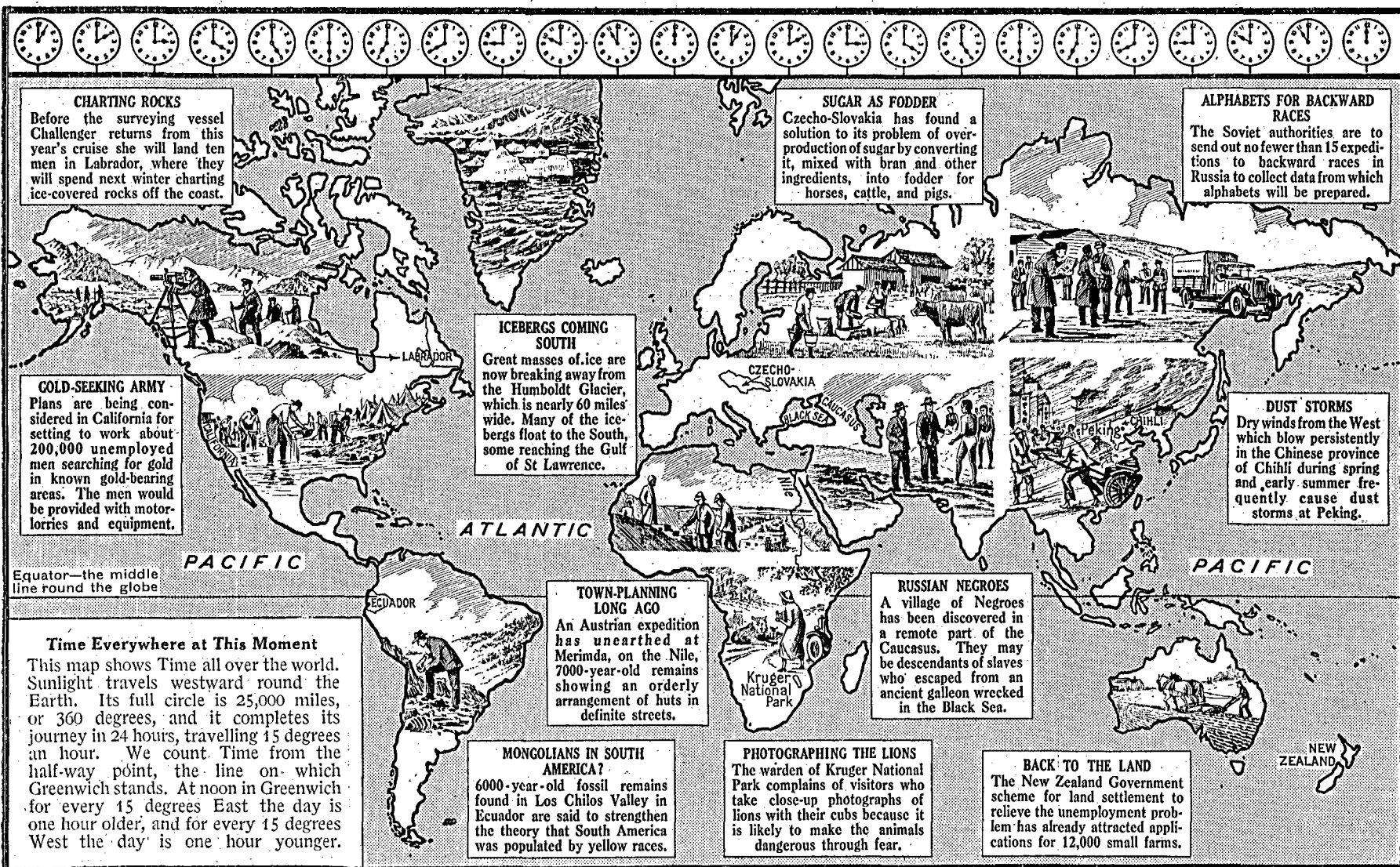
As dusk comes on in the late afternoon the fleet moves slowly out to sea on its long and perilous voyage of 2500 miles before it will reach the cod-fishing grounds on the Banks of Newfoundland. It is a calling that needs endurance, skill, seamanship, and courage.

For nearly a century fleet after fleet of these fine schooners has been equipped and sent out from St Malo with this picturesque blessing of the priest. The town with a population of under 10,000 has thrived on its cod-fishing. In 1930 over sixty schooners put to sea; but in 1931 the number was only 25.

Wooden sailing schooners are costly to build, expensive to fit out and maintain 2500 miles from their base. Modern motor-boats are driving them off the seas; but once more it means "lives of men" to these simple Breton folk.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## THE HOG ON THE ROAD Something Must Be Done

We hope Lord Robert Cecil's plain words to selfish motorists will not have been uttered in vain.

Surely the time has come when something must be done to alter the fact that twenty people are killed on our roads every day, half of them drivers of or passengers on motor-cars, lorries, and cycles. Lord Robert well said:

*I do not think there is any instance in history of a more selfish attitude being adopted by one section of a community than that taken up by the motorists of today.*

*I am amazed in speaking to some of my younger acquaintances to find how determined they are not to limit the speed of the cars they drive, and speed is the principal cause of road accidents.*

*They seem to think the fact that 6000 people are slaughtered and 200,000 people maimed every year is not too high a price to pay for being allowed to drive at what speed they like.*

At Croydon there has been a public meeting of the many people who have been maimed in that town by motors. Unfortunately the hundreds of dead could not be summoned.

It is more than time that the police were stricter on the roads. We have ourselves seen in a single motor journey of late half a dozen cases of hooligan driving by "cutting in"; it is always happening. The other day a cyclist was killed and his cycle carried on for a long distance by the car that killed him before it was captured by the indignant public.

We ought to add the amazing fact that in Croydon alone last year 39 people were killed and over 1000 injured. This was one in every 250 of its population, so that we may say that one home in every sixty suffered directly from the motorist hog—for the madman on our roads is nothing else.

## DOES YOUR KINEMA USE THE SAFETY FILM?

## THE GARDEN CITY BY THE SEA

### Mr Barrow of Bournemouth.

It is very often the case that only men at the head of official departments get recognised while those who do the daily work are unrecognised.

It is therefore a great pleasure for us to see that the Corporation of Bournemouth has recognised the services of the shy Mr Barrow for all he has done for their city in the last fifty years.

When Mr Barrow went to Bournemouth as an ordinary gardener fifty years ago there was only one garden in the place, and with the help of four assistants Mr Barrow kept it clean. But as he grew in experience he saw the possibilities of development, and now the gardens have been extended so that there are 955 acres under the direction of the Corporation. Mr Barrow has been the foreman directing the activities of nearly 250 gardeners, and it is through his efforts and his faithful work that Bournemouth claims to be the Garden City by the Sea.

## A SHIP FOR A SHILLING The Bishop's Bargain

How the Bishop of Melanesia bought a new mission steamer for a shilling was told to a New Zealand audience not long ago.

It was the ship Southern Cross, for which friends of the mission in England subscribed £25,000. This fine little ship was wrecked on an island in Melanesia not long after she began her good work among the Natives of the South Seas.

Theoretically the bishop was the owner of the vessel, which was registered with the Board of Trade in his name. In order to become the owner he wrote out a cheque for a shilling, and was then duly registered.

The cheque was never cashed as other cheques are, but was framed and kept as a curiosity.

## PLANT MORE TREES Mrs Cadbury's Good Deed

We are delighted to learn that Mrs George Cadbury has just planted in the grounds of a children's hospital at Birmingham the first of a grove of trees of a novel character.

It is usual to plant avenues of one kind of tree, and there is much to be said for that in many situations; but in the case of the children's hospital it has been decided to create a varied grove of many sorts of flowering trees, mixed with hollies and such berry-producing trees as the rowan or mountain ash.

The result should be very interesting in a few years, because there are so many beautiful flowering trees that thrive in our climate. The crab-apple, the plum family, and the thorns afford many beautiful varieties of colour in flower and foliage and fruit; and there are, of course, many other valuable sorts.

If only local authorities and public institutions would add freely every year to our tree population the beauty of our green island would be enhanced at very small cost.

## THE POSTWOMAN'S KNOCK

### It Comes in Eleven Villages

Still more postwomen have been knocking at the C.N.'s door.

We now hear of Mrs Ingham of Stanbury, near Keighley, who trudges daily across the wild Yorkshire country made familiar by the Brontë sisters; while two other postwomen have beautiful rounds in the Wye Valley.

They are Miss Williams and Mrs Watkins, both of St Briavels. Together they have been delivering letters for 33 years. Near them, at Bream, is a postgirl; and there is another, we hear, at Flaunden in Hertfordshire.

So now we know that there are at least eleven places in England where the postman's knock is never heard.

## GOVERNMENT IN A HURRY

### Good Things Done at the Last Moment

#### BLOW AT THE DRUG TRADE

By air mail and telegram ratifications of the Drug Convention reached the League in all haste to be in time for the final date of registration.

This last-minute hurry, a bad example of the way we are governed, was an effort to make up for the delay of a year and nine months during which this Convention had been in the hands of all Governments. Twenty-five ratifications had to be registered by April 13 for the Convention to come into force, and four of these had to be from the manufacturing States.

So, at the last moment, Salvador, Chile, and Cuba sent theirs by air mail, Japan sent a telegram, and other countries hastened to inform the Secretariat that ratification had been approved by their parliaments, and might be relied upon to appear in due time. Ours reached the Secretariat on April 1, and this, with Japan's telegram, with Turkey's ratification of a few days before and that of America some time since, made up the necessary four of the manufacturing countries.

The entry into force of this Convention is of great importance. It marks a real effort to reduce the amount of narcotic drugs produced by the world's factories and so to check an abominable trade. It is an exercise of world control over matters of world interest and importance, a step toward thinking of the world as a whole instead of in parts.

A very attractive petrol station has been opened near Exeter, at the foot of Haldon and Telegraph Hills.

Last year 145 packing stations of the National Mark egg scheme had an average output of 2,620,000 eggs.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

APRIL 29

1933

## The World's Greatest Practical Joke

WE were giving some Depression jokes on this page the other day, but is any joke equal to the actual facts of the world as the politicians have made it?

We see each Government hard at work passing laws, levying taxes at its ports, making every sort of restriction to prevent its people from buying foreign goods.

It is true, unhappily, of our own country, which at one time cherished the principle of trading liberally with all nations. Now our Government does its best to prevent any foreign article, a potato or a watch, a boot or a plum, a machine or a mouse-trap, from entering our ports.

So far there seems to be no joke in the matter, but when we turn to the other side of the picture we see how very funny the thing can be; for each Government urges its own traders to do what it prevents the traders of other nations from doing.

We even see our exporters rebuked in the newspapers because they are not more enterprising in foreign countries! If, however, it is wrong for foreign countries to sell their goods here, it must be equally wrong for our traders to sell their goods in foreign countries. If foreign goods injure a country, no nation has any right to urge its own people to send these injurious goods into other countries.

We see the richness of this joke coming home to us in connection with Empire goods. These, we say, we will not tax. The British farmer, however, will have none of that. When we tell him that foreign food is bad, how is he to believe that British Empire food is not bad also?

Here is a ship approaching our ports with wheat and apples from Canada. Here is another ship approaching us with a cargo of wheat and apples from the United States.

How can the wheat and apples in the one ship be excellent while the wheat and apples in the other ship inflict a great wrong on us?

Can we wonder if the British farmer, having been assured of the evil character of imports, demands that restriction shall be put upon Empire meat, Empire fruits, Empire eggs, and Empire cheese?

Unfortunately for the world, this tragedy of trade restriction is injuring everyone in the world and causing each country to reduce its own wealth by refusing to exchange goods with other countries. It may be a joke that every country is asking other countries to buy its goods while it refuses to buy theirs, but it is more than a joke, more than a feeble touch of humour; it is a bitter tragedy which is ruining the world.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## All Out But Jim

LORD BEAVERBROOK'S paper announced on the eve of a great trial that it would publish "the most accurate reports." We much regret the inaccuracy of all the other papers (of which, apparently, Lord Beaverbrook knew well beforehand). They were all out of step, it seems, but Jim.

## Do Things

THERE has been a little improvement in employment, but there is still much need for Government action.

The Ministry of Health should promptly call upon each local authority to produce a scheme for housing to be returnable in three weeks.

Within two months the building trade and all the trades that depend upon it could be humming with work, giving employment to others.

That is how we did things in the war and that is how we should do things in peace. There is only one way to get things done, and that is to do them.

## Mustn't Grumble

DR H. L. PAGET has had some good things to say about our times.

He could remember his father, chief surgeon of St Bartholomew's Hospital, saying that his best nurse was quite good *when she was sober*.

We are a cleaner and more sober nation; and, as Dr Paget said with satisfaction, we are getting rid of class distinctions.

We are hard up, but we are learning to enjoy simple pleasures. Dr Paget was once Bishop of Stepney, where there is great poverty, but the brave folk are always saying "Mustn't grumble." They have said it so often to doctors, clergy, and welfare workers that now it is Stepney's Motto.

When mother is ill, when father loses his job, when bread-and-margarine is short, Stepney finds something to be thankful for. "Mustn't grumble."

It is a grand motto for hard times, and for all of us.

## Lord and Lady Return

A Note From a Country Lane

MANY people were walking in the lane. They were not apparently looking into the spring hedges for the very first signs of the loveliest season. Full of their own affairs, they tramped along.

But your contributor was hunting for something definite, poking in the hedge with her stick to see if she could find it.

Ah, there were the treasures she sought, a Lord and Lady, pushing boldly up in their smooth confident greenness through the chilly morning air. Splendid!

There are no uninteresting things; there are only uninterested people, as Mr Chesterton has it.

## The Next Thought

WHEN I think of what has happened—the man who had had a stroke of bad luck began to the Philosopher.

"Think next," the Philosopher interrupted gently, "of that which has been spared you, for you will find that is the greater of the two."

## Poets Who Pass By

The C.N. has been speaking of poets the world passed by.

Musicians of words, we played a note Which sounded after we were dead; And no one knew how, when we wrote, It was our hearts that bled.

## Tip-Cat

A GOVERNMENT effort is to be made to fight the fly peril. Will a white fly-paper be issued?

A BOOK has been written on the English coast. Couldn't the author afford to buy paper?

AFTER a visit to the hairdresser a lady's hair went blue. And she saw red.

THE new by-law that passengers on buses are not to throw money about seems rather unnecessary in these hard times.

A WELL-PAID sportsman proposes to retire before taking a £10,000 salary. Most mendo.

ONE-WAY streets will not solve the traffic problem, says a tradesman. Is there another way?

AN author has taken one of the new building estates for the setting of his novel. No doubt he has a good plot.

A YOUNG lady is to try to swim over to Ireland. Can't she afford the fare?

THERE are a lot of lawn tennis clubs in London. We thought racquets were used.

IN modern houses the windows are too high up, says a writer. He likes his friends to look in on him.

WHAT do birds think of aeroplanes? They wonder what's up.

MILKMEN seldom suffer from throat complaints. Only from customers.

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

FOUR great firms now print Litter Appeals on their packets.

OVER 100,000 unemployed men are now on allotments run by the Quakers.

## JUST AN IDEA

Five times a day the muezzin calls the Moslem world to prayer. Why should not each of us be our own muezzin, each day inwardly repeating some word, some phrase, which is absolute truth for us, until it becomes part of our being?

## A Poet Rides To Far Away

One more fine poet has left us, Henry Van Dyke. A descendant of an old Dutch family settling in Pennsylvania, he was American Ambassador in Holland when the war broke out, and was active till he died at 80 the other day.

We give these lovely verses addressed by him to a girl coming into life as he was going out of it, riding the lonely shore to Far Away.

OH, was I born too soon, my dear,  
or were you born too late,  
That I am going out the door  
while you come in the gate?  
For you the garden blooms galore,  
the castle is en fête;  
You are the coming guest, my  
dear; for me the horses wait.

THEN walk with me an hour, my  
dear, and pluck the reddest rose  
Amid the white and crimson store  
with which your garden glows.  
A single rose—I ask no more of  
what your love bestows;  
It is enough to give, my dear, a  
flower to him who goes.

THE House of Life is yours, my  
dear, for many and many a day;  
But I must ride the lonely shore,  
the road to Far Away.  
So bring the stirrup-cup and pour  
a brimming draught, I pray;  
And when you take the road, my  
dear, I'll meet you on the way.

## To Everest

By Our Town Girl

DUMB and immense, a queen  
whose crystal crown  
Burns with a frozen fire, Mount  
Everest:  
So proud you are, you scarce  
will deign look down  
On little striving man in his lone  
quest.

YET your aloofness lures men  
to your side;  
Your haughty distance lends you  
subtle charms;  
For, courting you, your loves  
have failed and died,  
And brave men perished in your  
frigid arms.

AND then at times you seem  
some deity,  
Awful and looming, with a  
beckoning hand;  
A high Colossus cloaked in  
mystery  
Which man (manlike) aspires to  
understand.

AND now our brothers, stout  
of heart and bold,  
Have conquered your immunity,  
defiant  
Of death or hurt, as in the tale  
of old,  
When Jack set out to slay the  
fearsome Giant.

AND you, with naked beauty,  
stark and gaunt,  
Upon whose lofty shoulders rests  
the sky,  
Looked up to see, above the  
eagle's haunt,  
Small man, surmounting all, on  
wings soar by.

Seek ye first the kingdom of God and  
His righteousness and all other things  
shall be added unto you. Jesus



## VILLAGE DELIGHT

### A SIXPENCE BRIDGES THE CENTURIES

Famous Saxon Church Adopts a C.N. Scheme

### EARLS BARTON AND ITS 1000 YEARS

It is a few months since the C.N. suggested a new delight for our countryside, the sudden filling of the lovely chancels of our churches with light and beauty.

We offered to equip with automatic electric light the first village church which asked us to do so, and it is a great pleasure to us to say that our proposal has now been carried out by one of the oldest churches in this country.

Thanks to the wise spirit of the vicar and people of Earls Barton in Northamptonshire anyone may now go into that ancient church, put a sixpence in the slot, and flood the chancel with light for three minutes.

#### Creating a New Interest

The C.N. has been delighted to pay for this equipment because it believes that the idea will some day be widely adopted, creating a new delight for the countryside and producing a revenue for village churches which sorely need it. We suggested that every village church with electric light should install an automatic switch to work by putting sixpence in the slot, and we proposed it as an idea for creating a new interest in churches responding to something within us all which makes us glad to be surprised.

We proposed that a box should be let into the wall in some convenient place, and that the mechanism should be so arranged that for sixpence the chancel should be lit for three minutes. It has all been done in this way at Earls Barton, and we are delighted to hear from the vicar, the Rev Louis A. Ewart, that the automatic installation is a great success.

The church was crowded at the Sunday service when the vicar introduced it to his people, and we are glad to think that the first sixpence put in the slot, sent down by the Editor of the C.N., was dropped in by the vicar's charming little daughter, Roma Ewart, who will be seven when the roses come out in June. We give a photograph of Roma dropping in the Editor's sixpence.

#### Pride in Our Saxon Ancestors

The C.N. is glad to have been able to lead the way in what it hopes will become a new delight in our village churches, and it is particularly delighted that a beginning has been made in so fine a church as Earls Barton. How strange that this little sixpence in the slot bridges the centuries from Saxon England till now!

A great authority has called Earls Barton the most characteristic piece of Saxon work in the land, and we are thrilled with pride in our Saxon ancestors as we look on this remarkable tower, dating from at least 100 years before the Norman Conquest; it stands today as grand in its primitive strength as when it was built.

#### Rugged Beauty of the Door

It is in four stages. Projecting strips of stone run continuously from the top of the third stage to the ground, giving the appearance of a timbered building and dividing each face into long panels. These are interrupted only by string-courses between each stage and scalloped and diamond-shaped designs which break the monotony of the straight lines. On each face of the belfry stage are five narrow roundheaded lights separated by columns. The battlements were added in the 15th century. Here are all the marked characteristics of Saxon work, the round capitals and square bases of the pillars, long and short stonework at the corners of the tower, a narrow triangular-headed window on each side, and the stone ribbed work.

The west door, almost a porch, is most unusual in its rugged beauty,

## A FINE STORY COMES TO LIGHT

A LETTER appeared in The Times the other day signed by Ernst Machek, a former officer in an Austrian regiment. He describes how he, with others, was taken prisoner by British troops on November 7, 1918. He was sent to a field hospital at Caldonazzo. In the hospital there was an artillery officer from Gratz suffering from acute inflammation of the lungs.

The letter says that nothing was done to suggest that they were prisoners, and a captured Austrian doctor was put in charge of the hospital.

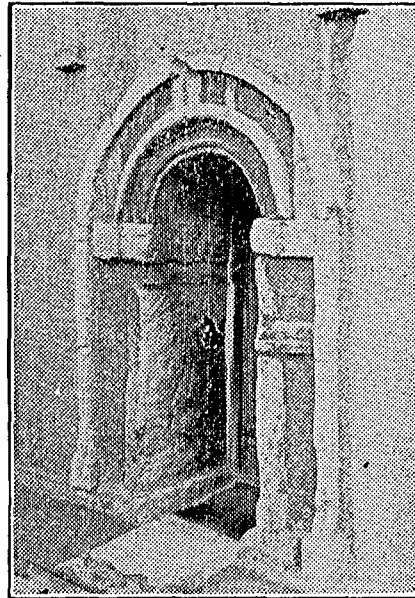
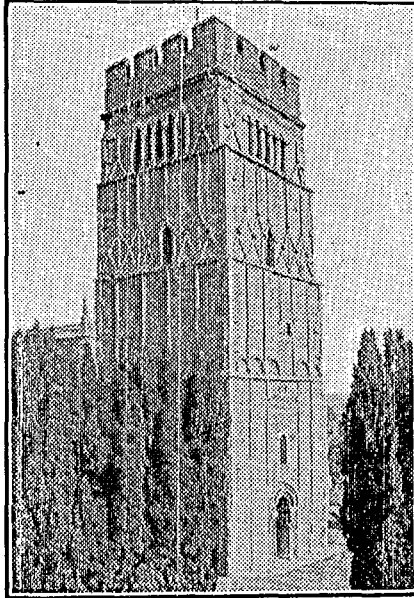
Later a very young English medical officer appeared and took over responsibilities. He cared for the dying artillery officer, and for forty hours

remained at his bedside without rest. Early on the morning of November 9 the officer became worse, and "the young English doctor, who showed no signs of weariness, became as agitated as if he were concerned with saving the life of his own brother." He drove away in search of instruments and medical necessities, and returned to the bedside of the patient. All was in vain; the officer died before midday.

The letter concludes: "I never learned the name of the young English doctor. As a souvenir I obtained and still keep the little Sphinx worn by his regiment."

Is it not the kind of unselfish deed which will help us on the path of reconstruction and goodwill?

## SOMETHING NEW FOR SIXPENCE TO DO



The tower and the west door of Earls Barton Church near Northampton



The vicar's daughter lights up the chancel at Earls Barton for three minutes by putting the C.N. sixpence in the slot, as described on this page.

Continued from the previous column

constructed of a few great stones astonishingly arranged to form a double arch with rounded mouldings.

There is little doubt that this tower, standing on high ground with a deep moat on one side, was a fortress to which later a small Saxon church was added on the eastern side; of this church nothing remains. A Norman building followed the Saxon one; of this the richly-decorated south door and the rare and elaborate arcading and sedilia of the chancel are left.

The east window, with three lofty lancets and the piers of the south arcade, are 13th century, the aisles were added in the 14th, and in the 15th the clerestory and several other windows were put in. So, century by century, the church has been changed and refashioned, but the

Saxon tower has stood and stands untouched in its sombre strength.

There are a Jacobean black oak pulpit and a beautiful 15th-century wood screen; lit up by electricity it gleams in gold and colour as if set with jewels. One fascinating bit of patchwork is the priest's door cut through an arch of the chancel arcade, 12th century within and 13th century without. Near it are several mass dials on the outer wall of the chancel; they were the first village clocks.

To the north of the church is a moated mound known as the Berry Mound, such as we see at Clifford Hill nearer Northampton.

Now Earls Barton has something new, a sudden light to reveal its ancient beauty at the touch of a switch. Long life to its church and great happiness to its people!

## RESCUE THE NORTH

### SOURCE OF BRITISH WEALTH IN DISTRESS

The Special Burden of These Days on Industrial Areas

### PUNISHING THE POOR

The Government has had to take measures to mitigate the terrible distress which has come to the North of England through unemployment.

The North has been the great source of British wealth. Coal, iron, cotton, wool, ships, engineering—these things made the North of England the busiest hive of industry in the world.

Unemployment has hit the whole nation, but particularly it has fallen on the North because of the concentration of industries there. These have suffered bitterly. Blast furnaces have been blown out, shipyards are idle, coalmining is slack, and cotton and woollen mills have had to work short time. Engineering works have also suffered.

Therefore, the great crowded centres of population of the North have seen armies of good men and women out of work. The hardship is the greater perhaps because of the former magnificence of the industries concerned.

#### Thrown on the Poor Law

The new regulations about unemployment benefit introduced by the National Government have cut large numbers of working people out of benefit. The result of this was to throw these people on the Poor Law. The unemployed could not starve merely because the Government had changed the conditions of unemployment benefit. Denied what we call the Dole, these people have had to be a charge on the rates.

As a consequence the municipalities of the North, are at their wit's end. Rates have risen and become a charge on industry which is strangling enterprise and adding to the difficulties.

Hence the call upon the Government to equalise conditions throughout the country so that the North is no longer specially punished just because it happens, through no fault of its own, to be the home of industries which are hard-hit and contain a very big proportion of unemployed workers.

The Government has no option but to come to the relief of the local authorities. It has decided to take responsibility for assistance given to the able-bodied unemployed, making a readjustment of the cost between the Exchequer and local authorities, with special regard to the needs of the distressed area.

### A PLAGUE COMING?

#### The Cockchafer on the Way

People are prophesying a plague of cockchafers for this year and next such as Europe has not seen for many decades.

A few of these pretty burnished insects buzzing about the garden as twilight falls are a very pleasant and poetical addition to a day in May; but when they appear by the million they can be as great and ruinous a pest as locusts.

A cockchafer year has been computed in France to cause damage to the country to the value of one milliard gold francs, counting, of course, not only what the full-grown insects devour above ground, but also what is destroyed by the grubs underground.

Already, in Germany, the earth is teeming with these grubs, and the authorities have drawn up a regular plan of campaign that will, it is hoped, ward off the worst of the catastrophe. Thousands of voluntary workers have been recruited for this warfare who will go about shaking the boughs of the trees and picking up the insects as they drop. Gathered into sacks and distributed all over the land as food for pigs and poultry, they will at least form a silver lining to the dark cloud which their menace has brought over the Continent.



## THAT BIT OF WASTE LAND

### What is Being Done With Yours?

Next door to the Lea Road Congregational Church at Wolverhampton was a piece of rough ground, an eyesore in the town, which the pastor intended to turn into tennis courts.

There seemed to be little possibility of doing this for years to come, however, as much money was still needed for the new church.

Then a number of unemployed men came to the rescue. Last November a club was started for them by the pastor and his helpers, and to show their appreciation of what the church had been doing on their behalf the men undertook to dig the ground.

They set to work in batches of about 20, and it is now expected that by summer the tennis courts will be laid, the nets put up, and the sounds of bouncing balls, hard exercise, and enjoyment will take the place of the silence of the hitherto forsaken, derelict ground.

### A GALLANT FELLOW

Akukabiko, 'nto is a phrase in Xosa, one of the Bantu languages of South Africa, which means "There is nothing the matter yet."

During the war the troopship Mendi, with South African natives on board, volunteers for service on the Western Front, sank in the English Channel and more than 600 lives were lost.

Now the Bantu have a great fear of water. One of those on board was a Native Chief. The order was given to jump from the foundering ship. While hundreds of black heads, supported by lifebuoys, bobbed up and down in the icy water, one of the Chief's mates called to him, "Chief, how are you?" And the answer came back across the dark water, "Akukabiko 'nto."

The Chief was never seen again, but his mate was rescued to tell the story of his gallant answer.

Akukabiko 'nto would be a fine motto to carry through life.

### WHAT THE RAILWAY WILL DO FOR YOU

A fact not yet known to many people is that the railway companies now undertake household removals.

Not only are they willing to remove furniture; they also undertake the laying of carpets and lino, stacking of shelves and cupboards with goods and chattels, hanging of pictures, provision of meals to members of the household travelling by passenger train, the care of pets during a removal, and even the mowing of the lawn!

Not only so, but a reduction of a third in fares is allowed to a family making removal by railway.

The railways will also remove farm goods between one milking-time and another, or factory plant, with as little disturbance as possible.

### THE SMALLEST POWER STATION

Half a mile from one of the giant towers of the electric grid in Norfolk is a country village which has its own power station and supplies electric current to some fifty cottages.

The village is Tichwell, and for years it has been producing its electric current from an oil engine and dynamo and battery of accumulators. Unfortunately the battery is almost worn out and cannot last much longer. So this enterprising little place is faced with the problem of either renewing its own tiny plant or bowing to the superiority of the vast electric grid.

## GOOD NEWS FROM GERMANY

### Protection For Storks and Bears

It is a relief to turn to a little pleasant news from Germany.

For some time the protection of storks, rapidly dying out (perhaps through the march of civilisation and the draining of marshes), has been in force, and East Prussia now reports 9200 nests.

There is another piece of good news from the same part of the world.

The Minister of Agriculture has cancelled all the licences for leading a performing bear about the countryside.

Once upon a time a performing bear was almost as common a sight as a barrel-organ. Lately there have been only a few led about Germany by gypsies or other wanderers, but these bears looked very wretched.

Apart from the belief, now largely held, that few performing animals can be trained without cruelty, there can be no doubt that the bears seldom get proper shelter or enough food.

So this relic of old times, this link with bear-baiting and bull-baiting, is to vanish. No one will be sorry.

The police authorities have orders to be very strict in the matter. Bruin's sufferings are not to be winked at. We wish him a large den and plenty of buns in some modern zoo.

### AT THE I.L.O.

An International Convention for closing all shops not later than seven o'clock is in the minds of an Advisory Committee of the I.L.O.

This special committee is interested in the work conditions of shop assistants and office workers, as distinguished from industrial workers. Closing-time not later than seven, a complete Sunday rest, and not less than a fortnight's holiday a year with pay, are the very minimum which should be guaranteed to these workers by international agreement, according to the ideas of this committee.

Earlier closing-time wherever desired, a weekly half-holiday in addition to Sunday, and increased length of annual holiday in proportion to length of service, are the extras suggested for any country which feels disposed to legislate for them.

To us in England there may seem little need to be talking at the I.L.O. about such regulations, but one has only to step outside the committee room and walk into Geneva itself, or over the border into France, to find quite a different set of regulations, much less favourable to workers.

### WHO WAS CONFUCIUS?

Born Shantung, 551 B.C. Died Shantung, 478 B.C.

The name of the great Chinese philosopher was Kung, and we preserve the Latinised form of that name and the term which his disciples applied: literally, Kung the philosopher, or the Master Kung.

He was the son of a soldier, whose widow was left to educate the child. When the child grew up he was occupied as keeper of the public supply of grain and of the herds. Later he became a wonderfully successful governor, Minister of Works, and chief magistrate of his native place. The jealousy of a powerful neighbour caused his retirement, and from that time forward he wandered for years, attended by his followers, expounding his philosophy.

Some of our best-known maxims were first uttered by Confucius. His memory is worshipped today in China by every class of the community, and each town and village must have its temple consecrated to his memory.

## DRY ROT

### Why Have It?

Millions of pounds worth of building are thrown away every year because builders and house-owners do not understand that it is necessary to protect timber from dry rot.

The timber disease known as dry rot is fungoid, and it attacks timber when built into houses and left unventilated, especially if the wood is subjected to dampness. The term dry rot is misleading, because the disease is much associated with damp.

To build in unprotected timber is to ask for trouble and heavy loss. London has just suffered a loss of £39,000 through dry rot setting in on the L.C.C. estate at Watling.

This particular case is reported because the houses belong to a public authority. Of private losses we never hear, but we do not exaggerate when we say that a very large proportion of existing buildings are affected.

Yet a comparatively small expenditure in building can prevent the trouble. No timber should be built in unless it is thoroughly treated with preservatives.

As it is so easy to avoid, we may well ask why it is not avoided.

### THUNDERSTORMS FOR MR BOWER

The indefatigable Mr Bower is still on the track of summer thunderstorms. There is nothing he likes better than to find a good thunderstorm waiting for him on the breakfast table.

For some years C.N. readers have been sending him valuable information, and he hopes they will continue this summer. What he likes to know is the place, date, and time of any thunder, lightning, or hail in the British Isles, with an added note, if possible, on the direction in which the lightning was seen, the times of the first and last clap or flash, and any other particulars.

For this census more data are particularly needed from rural and moorland districts and other thinly-populated areas, and it is essential that the position from which the observation is made should be indicated by its approximate distance and direction from the nearest station. The result should be sent off to Mr S. Morris Bower, Thunderstorm Census Organisation, Huddersfield.

### ALICE IN LLANDUDNO

If Councillor J. H. Hibbert, of Llandudno in North Wales, has his way Alice's Adventures in Wonderland will come to life once more at Llandudno.

It was here that Lewis Carroll used to wander with his young friend Alice, when spending summer holidays with her father, Dean Liddell, at Gogarth Abbey.

A pageant is to be held on the sands, and if there is money enough the White Rabbit himself, who started it all, is to have a monument, showing him, watch in paw, just starting down a hole in the sand.

If this good idea has the success it deserves, perhaps Alice herself, now a dear old lady of 80, will come and see the White Rabbit again, and sleep the night in her old room at Gogarth Abbey.

### YOUR OLD C.N.

For some time many of our readers have passed on their C.N.s to the Bishop Tugwell Diocesan Fund for its hundreds of small bush schools in Southern Nigeria.

Every week the demand for the C.N. increases, but lately the supply has been falling off. That is why we wish to remind our readers that all old C.N.s are welcomed by the secretary of the Fund, Mr William Watson, 24, Grey Street, Newcastle.

## ALL THAT IS LEFT OF A FORT

### The Plough That Struck a Stone

The plough is always turning up romance and history. The other day it was a hoard of gold and silver ornaments; now comes news of an ancient fort.

A young man was ploughing on a farm in Fife when the plough struck an immense stone. He tried to move it, but could not, for the stone was the pillar of a doorway.

The news sped. Professor Waterston of St Andrews University is now excavating what has proved to be a pre-historic fort.

The walls are built of boulders nearly six feet high, bearing no trace of lime or mortar, but probably bound together with clay. The floor is of puddled clay. From the massive doorway runs a long passage, probably leading to some chamber which is not yet unearthed.

The outer walls of the fort describe a semi-circle. The ancient Britons built the structure wisely and well: it is hard to imagine a stronger place.

All that is left of the garrison of the fort is a tooth, or two, an amber bead, and some charcoal.

### STUDYING THE COSMIC RAY

When the two Belgian scientists M. Cosyns and M. De Bruyn ascend into the stratosphere (or upper atmosphere) between June and September their balloon will have a brake.

It consists of a much smaller balloon attached to the underpart of the main one, and in it will be Professor Piccard, who recently ascended nearly eleven miles, and an expert pilot.

They will be in telephonic communication with M. Cosyns, and will follow the instructions he gives them for stabilising his balloon.

M. Cosyns expects to discard his brake at a height of about six miles, so that his balloon may shoot up into the stratosphere. He is searching the Belgian Ardennes to find an amphitheatre free from dangerous air currents. When ready for the ascent the two balloons will tower 328 feet above the ground.

### A YEAR'S NEWS FOR AN ISLAND

Ten shillings from a Birmingham reader has sent a big parcel to Tristan da Cunha. It contains a year's supply of the C.N.

We imagine that never before has the island been in possession of a year's copies of a newspaper.

This lonely island in the South Atlantic only comes into the news once a year, when a steamer calls with a cargo of mail, provisions, clothes, and literature. Then, as the boat sails away, this little world within a world once again sinks back into oblivion.

Some time next summer we may hear from the schoolmaster that the C.N.s arrived safely, and we hope he will send us an account of life in this most romantic of all islands.

### REMEMBERING THE FIREMEN

The fire station at Salford is very up-to-date, and looks after its colony well.

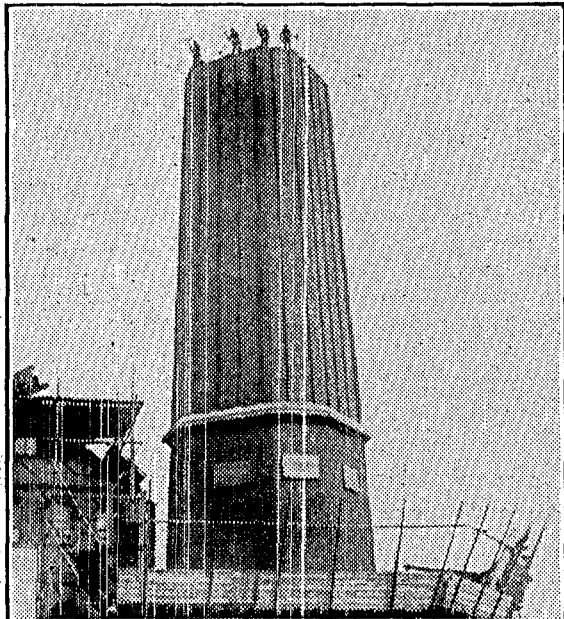
The brigade is in constant use, for the city is terribly congested in its industrial quarters, so the men get very little leisure and must have their pleasures brought to them.

There has been a fire station cinema for seven years, where firemen and their families have seen the best silent films. Now a generous citizen has converted it to the talkies and will maintain it.

So that there will be no extra cost to the heavy rates of the city, local film renters have arranged to supply the cinema with all the up-to-date films free of charge.



## EARLY BATHERS · A SHAKESPEARE WINDOW · SCHOOLBOYS GO BY AIR



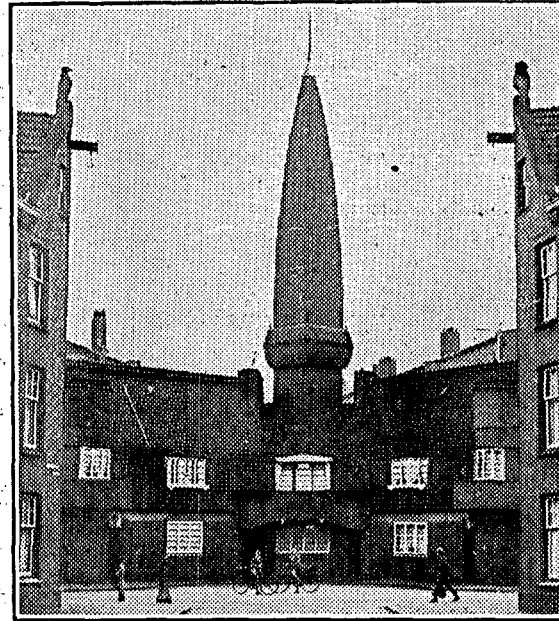
**Brick By Brick**—A big chimney in City Road, London, is being demolished by workmen with picks. It could not be felled owing to lack of space.



**Stained-Glass Shakespeare**—Mr Robert Anning Bell, R.A., has designed a stained-glass Shakespeare window for the new Central Library at Manchester. This is the section representing *The Taming of the Shrew*.



**Early Bathers**—This month's fine weather brought crowds to the swimming-baths as soon as they were opened for the season. Here we see some of the bathers at Finchley.



**Modern Dutch Architecture**—A block of red-tiled houses built near Amsterdam is surmounted by a tall tower of unusual design which serves as a landmark for miles round.



**Four Good Friends**—Could any little girl look happier than Angela Mawby as she rides a horse and leads these splendid Irish wolfhounds out for their morning exercise? The picture was taken at Woodcote, near Reading.



**Schoolboys Flying Holiday**—Some masters and boys of St Peter's Collegiate Church School at Wolverhampton, 38 in all, flew from Croydon to Cologne in a big Imperial Airways liner.



**A Cricket Lesson**—During the holidays schoolboys have been taking cricket lessons at Lord's. Here is H. Beest of Derbyshire explaining the points of wicket-keeping.



## SOMETHING HOPEFUL HUNGARIAN PROFESSOR'S DISCOVERY

Paprika and How It May  
Interest Us All One Day

### NEW BOTTLED FOOD?

From Our Hungary Correspondent

Small nations have before now been lifted out of insignificance and made to shine like a star in a dark world by what they have produced in the field of literature or the arts; and an economically ruined people may be saved by the inventions and discoveries of its patient workers in the laboratories.

Such a patient worker in dismembered Hungary has, after years of labour, obtained results which may bring untold benefits to large sections of his beggared country and even to the world at large. Professor Albert Szentgyörgyi, of Szeged University, has found that the red pepper called paprika, which the lowlands of Hungary produce in great quantities, is extraordinarily rich in vitamins, that it is, in fact, so far the only known vegetable from which Vitamin C can be obtained.

#### A Health-Giving Drug

Professor Szentgyörgyi has with the help of his assistants extracted one pound of this from 4000 pounds of paprika, and is convinced that he has discovered the means of providing the world with a valuable health-giving drug at very small cost. Apart from this, it is intended to utilise the vegetable itself, now a condiment, by making it into a variety of cheap and nutritious bottled foods which can be enjoyed all the year round. Oranges are said to be specially rich in vitamins; but experiment has proved the paprika to contain four times the amount contained in the orange, while it costs, in Hungary at least, twenty to forty times less. Professor Szentgyörgyi's discovery has roused much interest abroad, and he has just started on a tour through European countries with the purpose of demonstrating it to brother scientists everywhere.

## GOOD NEWS FROM THE BOYS BRIGADE

The Leith battalion of the Boys Brigade has received a splendid gift.

Chancelot Park, which has playing-fields and pitches and two pavilions, has been presented to the battalion by the trustees to celebrate the jubilee of the Brigade.

Ten years ago, when the park then in use was closed to football and cricket, the prospects seemed dismal, for there was scarcely any space near at hand suitable for games and sports.

Then Chancelot Park, five acres of ideal ground, became available, and a small trust was formed by Mr A. J. Lethem, an old officer of the Brigade. Six thousand pounds was spent over the purchase and equipment, and now it belongs to the battalion for all time.

## ARTHUR MEE'S CHILDREN'S SHAKESPEARE

In last week's C.N. there appeared the twelfth and last Gift Token, which enables readers who registered for Arthur Mee's Children's Shakespeare to complete their Gift Vouchers.

If you have not already sent in your application please do so as early as possible. Send the completed Gift Voucher, with a Postal Order for 2s 11d for the Standard Edition, or 4s 6d for the beautiful De Luxe Edition, to Children's Newspaper Book Department (G.P.O. Box 184a), Cobb's Court, Broadway, London, E.C.4.

Cross the Postal Order & Co. and make it payable to Children's Newspaper. It should be enclosed with the Voucher in a sealed envelope bearing a three-halfpenny stamp.

## THE FIDDLER AND HIS DOG

New Light on An Old Story

### THE SURPRISING DISCOVERY IN A NORFOLK VILLAGE

Once in a blue moon an accidental discovery shows that there must be more truth than we think in some of the stories told in our villages.

For generations a strange legend about a fiddler and his dog has been told of Fiddler's Hill near Wells in Norfolk, and a few days ago, while making an improvement at a corner, the roadmen stumbled on what seems to be a proof that the story is founded in fact.

This is the tale which is still implicitly believed by the village people.

Once upon a time a travelling fiddler and his dog came to this place, and was told that there was an underground passage connecting Binham Priory, not far away, with Walsingham Abbey, once a famous Mecca for pilgrims from every part of England. The fiddler declared his intention of exploring the tunnel, and this aroused so much interest that a crowd assembled to see him start. He promised them that he would play his fiddle as he went to show them what progress he was making.

#### When the Fiddling Ceased

Followed by his faithful dog, he started on his journey and was soon lost to sight in the dark passage.

For a time the villagers could hear his gay music, and then, somewhere near the place now known as Fiddler's Hill, the fiddling ceased. They began to grow anxious as the time passed and neither the fiddler nor the dog reappeared, but there was still the hope that they might come out at the other end of the passage. The hope was vain, and they were never seen again.

Now it is believed that the solution to the mystery has been discovered. While they were rounding off the corner at Fiddler's Hill the other day the workmen came upon the skeletons of a man and a dog. The villagers are convinced that the discovery confirms the legend that has been so persistent down the centuries.

## THE OLD GARDEN WALL Flowers Are Still Blooming There

Covent Garden Market needs more room, and workmen digging underneath have come on a bit of red brick wall which takes us back to the lovely beginnings of the market.

Once upon a time this bit of London was a garden and an orchard. It belonged to the Abbot of St Peter's, Westminster, so that Covent Garden was Convent Garden then. It is his wall that the workmen have found.

One abbot must have had a gardener with "the green thumb." When people say that they mean that everything the thumb touches will grow and flourish. There was more than the monks could eat, so the abbot had a little talk with his gardener, and they decided to sell some of their fruit and vegetables to the neighbours. We can imagine the two old monks pacing up and down between the borders of sweet-smelling herbs and making the decision from which sprang one of the greatest markets in the world.

The whole face of London has changed. Inigo Jones laid out the site of the garden as a square with piazzas 300 years ago. But still you find sweet lavender and roses and apples and plums where the abbot found them.

Perhaps the gardener loved his garden so much that he used to pray that it might never be without flowers. It is the sort of prayer that good angels delight in, for there is no selfishness in it. There will be flowers in Covent Garden for ever, it seems.

## THE STORY OF A MUSEUM

A Boy's Hobby and Its  
Wonderful Result

Nearly 70 years ago Master J. W. Bodger, a boy of ten, began to make a museum. He started it in his bedroom and stored away his collection in boxes.

Fortunately his father was in sympathy with his hobby and gave him a lock-up room in an old cottage behind his home; and here for 14 years his treasures, which were constantly increasing in number, were kept. Little did anybody think that this collection was to develop into one of the finest museums in the district.

It was in 1880 that an official museum was started in Peterborough with Master Bodger's collection as a nucleus. Since then it has outgrown one building after another. Three years ago there came a proud day for Mr Bodger, who is still the honorary curator and secretary, for a magnificent building was presented to the Scientific and Archaeological Society to be used for the Peterborough Museum. And now for generations to come the townspeople of Peterborough will benefit from a particularly fine collection of local treasures, all the result of a school-boy's hobby.

#### A Special Room For Children

Although he has been connected with the museum for so many years Mr Bodger has not become a dry-as-dust curator deeply embedded in a rut of tradition. He is still the moving spirit of Peterborough Museum, and in the new building he has set aside a special room to interest children. Here may be seen all kinds of toys and treasures of bygone days which were at one time dear to the hearts of our grandparents. There is a fine example of a Noah's Ark, unusually small, with nearly a hundred occupants, including some insects and a pair of butterflies.

Children love to come to the museum to see the toy furniture. Some good examples of wax dolls of last century, some old Dutch wooden dolls, and two wooden monkeys-up-a-stick of the mid-Victorian Era are among the treasures to be seen here. Some favourite exhibits are a collection of baby clothing of all dates, a child's parasol used in the early 19th century, and a baby's cane rattle.

In the library is a wonderful collection of engravings of people and places of the locality and relics which might have disappeared long ago if there had been no museum. Readers of the delightful annual report are asked to remember the local museum before throwing unwanted possessions on the dust-heap.

## WHY DO SOME BIRDS FLY SO HIGH?

From The Children's Encyclopedia

If you stand on the top of St Paul's Cathedral on a clear day you can see all over London. The higher you go the more you can see, if your eyes are strong enough. These birds have very strong sight. Their eyes can see as well as ours would if we used a telescope.

The big birds look down from the great height at which they are flying, and they see many birds flying below. These birds below watch the Earth. They see food thrown away by men and placed in the garden by children, and in a moment they fly down to get it. The bird which is right up in the air knows what they are doing, and swoops down quickly to take its share.

These birds get a good meal. If they did not eat that food it would soon become bad in the sunshine and make us ill; but it serves the birds for a good dinner, and by eating it the birds save us from being ill. So Nature looks after her big family and preserves it from destruction.

## ADVENTURES OF A COPPER

The Little Coin That Has  
Turned Up Again

### A BIT OF A CANNON

An Englishman was counting his change in Nice the other day when he noticed that one of the coins looked odd.

It proved to be a small bronze coin belonging to the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, more than 200 years old. It had seen France in her magnificence, in the storms of Revolution and counter-revolution, in the Empire and the Second Empire, and the World War.

While kings and emperors were bartering lives for glory this coin was humbly being exchanged for the commonest necessities of life. No one was ever bribed with it; it can never have tempted anyone to dishonour or bloodshed, as gold has done; it has always lived an honest life, buying poor folk a few pennyworths of bread or a bit of sewing cotton.

#### If Bronze Could Remember

Always? No, not always. The history of the little coin is not quite as simple as that. Before it began its career as a six-denier piece it served France in a very different way, and sailed the high seas. Coins of this kind, known as dardennes, were made of old naval cannon.

The little coin has not spent all its life harmlessly; it has dealt death, it has made widows, its voice has been more terrible than thunder. But those days were left behind more than 200 years ago. The old warrior has been engaged in trade for so long that by now he must have forgotten the heroes he sailed with, if bronze can remember or forget.

Perhaps we should not spare the dardenne two glances in a museum, but it is curious to find it in a handful of change, still, as it were, alive, and a part of the life of France.

## AN IRON GUILD

Reorganising a Great Industry

Those who desire to understand the great changes that are taking place in matters of work should especially take notice of the proposed formation of an Iron and Steel Corporation of Great Britain, organised so as to improve this great trade in all its aspects.

The proposal is made by the Import Duties Advisory Committee on the recommendation of a National Committee of the entire industry.

It will be remembered that the Import Duties Advisory Committee recommended, and the Government adopted, heavy import duties to protect the iron and steel trade, but this was only done on condition that the trade properly organised itself. The condition is now well on the way to be carried out.

The iron and steel industry is very complex, ranging from the smelting of ore to the production of such finished articles as parts of bridges, or plates for ships, or tubes, or joists, or framework for a great building. It is a splendid thing that a great trade like this should no longer be left to the play of unregulated competition.

British work was built upon coal and iron, and yet we have fallen behind to the fifth place as producer, where once we led. A National Iron and Steel Guild could do much to pull the trade together, to bring it up to date, and to secure thorough efficiency and modernity in all its parts.

It should be understood that the Corporation will not acquire ownership of the federated interests, but will control, guide, and coordinate them, giving unity to the various parts. We earnestly hope this great scheme will go through.



## THE CELESTIAL SCALES

ONCE HELD BY JULIUS  
CAESAR

How the Scorpion Lost His Claws

### SUNS OF LIBRA

By the C.N. Astronomer

The constellation of Libra, the Balance or Scales, may now be seen in the south-east sky late in the evening, between 9 and 10 o'clock.

Its stars are not prominent except the two, Alpha and Beta, which may be seen some way to the left of Spica Virginis, the bright star to the east of Jupiter. As an additional means of identification the Moon will pass below Alpha on the evening of May 9.

Libra is one of the least recognised and yet the most singular of all the constellations of the Zodiac on account of its history. The name Zodiac means zone of animals, and all the other constellations in this belt or zone represent living creatures.

These are Aries the Ram, Taurus the Bull, Gemini the Twin Children, Cancer the Crab, Leo the Lion, Virgo the Virgin, with the ears of corn constituting Spica Virginis, then Libra, the Inanimate Balance, followed by Scorpio the Scorpion, Sagittarius the Archer, half man and half horse, Capricornus the Sea Goat, with two legs and the tail of a fish, Aquarius the Man pouring water out of a pot, and Pisces the two Fishes.

Libra is the exception; but it was not always so, for originally it was represented by a man holding a pair of scales, very much as the figure of Justice is shown holding them at the present time. The man would thus introduce the living element into the constellation and so make the Zodiac complete as the zone of living creatures.

While the idea of a Balance may symbolise the equinoctial period of equal day and equal night which occurs when the Sun enters this Sign of Libra on September 23, it is known that in the days of the ancient Greeks this constellation had no existence, its stars representing the claws of Scorpio the Scorpion and being known as Chelae, the Claws.

Then the Romans in the days of Julius Caesar introduced the Man with the Balance or Scales in place of the stars which gave the Scorpion such immense claws. There can be little doubt that the Man was intended for Julius Caesar himself, for it was he who had instituted the Julian Calendar and balanced the inequalities by the introduction of Leap Years and other reforms. Long after, the figure of the Man, or Julius Caesar, ceased to be shown and the Scales only were used to indicate this constellation.

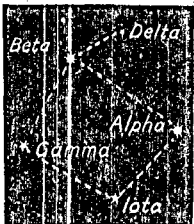
### A Helium Sun

Its stars may be identified from our star-map. Alpha, also known as Zuben-el-Genubi, which means Southern Claw in Arabic, is composed of two stars, one of third and the other of sixth magnitude. They should be easily seen in field-glasses.

Beta-in-Libra, also known as Zuben-el-Chamali, meaning the Northern Claw, is remarkable for its rare greenish tint. It is a helium sun and calculated to be about 360 light-years distant.

Delta-in-Libra is very faint and requires field-glasses to render it easily perceptible. It is composed of two bodies, one a great dark world which revolves round the central sun in 2 days 7 hours 51 minutes. This is known because periodically it passes in front, and hides part of this sun's light, reducing its magnitude from 5 to 6.2, when it becomes invisible to the naked eye. It is thus an eclipsing double star of the Algol type.

G. F. M.



The chief stars of Libra

## GOOD LUCK TO A FISH

A Thames Oldest  
Inhabitant

### A PUZZLE FOR HERR PRINK

Good luck in the name of the Lord we read in the charming notices set about his beautiful cathedral by the Dean of Chichester. We wish good luck in the name of humanity to a fish.

It is not often that the C.N. wishes to put a spoke in the wheels of Science; but there is a certain scientist out to catch a certain fish, and we hope the fish will win.

It is the giant salmon, said to be a 40-pounder, which takes its ease beneath the toll-bridge of Clifden Hampden, a Thames village between Abingdon and Oxford. Visitors are more sure of seeing this salmon than of seeing the oldest inhabitant, who may have hobbled off anywhere round the corner, while the fish seldom moves more than 30 yards from the bridge.

### The Village Pet

He is the village pet, and busy mothers bribe their children to get out of their way by giving them crumbs to throw to the salmon. That is probably why he refuses to accept the bait which anglers by the score have dangled above his nose. He gets plenty of food without snapping up anything that looks at all suspicious, and to this he may well attribute his long life of 28 years.

For it was in 1905 that Herr Prink brought him in embryo form from the Danube to the Thames, and Herr Prink is the scientist who has come over from Vienna to catch him again, or any of the others surviving from the Danube ova.

It appears that these salmon from the Danube will not thrive in any other river in Austria. Why, asks Herr Prink, have they survived in the Thames? He thinks the riddle may be solved by catching and examining one of them, and he has specially got his eye on our famous friend of Clifden Hampden.

Our best wishes to the fish. Good luck in the name of mankind!

## BEAUTY WHERE UGLINESS IS

Spring has come to mean something more than a name in hundreds of dingy streets in London. For this we have to thank the London Gardens Guild.

Those who went to see the society's spring flower show in Westminster were surprised at the beauty conjured out of grimy surroundings. Many of the finest blooms were grown by children living in overcrowded homes.

Enthusiasm for gardening is spreading, and the children of more than a hundred London schools have been eagerly watching the opening buds of their daffodils, hyacinths, and tulips. Great must have been the happiness brought to a Fulham school for physically defective children which won the Schools Challenge Cup for the finest flowers grown from bulbs.

This year there were a hundred more flower paintings than last year sent in by children for the competition and display. Some of the most realistic had been painted by boys and girls who are partly blind, and had used black paper as a background. Leslie Ruse of Barnsbury Park Myopic School was congratulated by the Duke of Atholl on his painting, which won him a prize.

### TIME TO MAKE IT UP

A few days ago there was concluded, before a Roman Court of Appeal, a lawsuit which had lasted for 900 years.

It concerned a common to which the two Italian parishes Casalvieri and Vicalvi both laid claim, and was settled by a compromise between the parties.

No one can go on being angry for more than a certain length of time, and for Casalvieri and Vicalvi 900 years seems to have been the allotted limit.

## THE VULTURES BUILD

A NEST

### A REPTILE HOUSE THRILL

Eighteen-Foot Python Who  
Went Out For a Stroll

AND WAS POLITELY  
ESCORTED HOME

By Our Zoo Correspondent

An inmate of the birds-of-prey aviaries provided the Zoo with its most interesting Easter Egg. For a pair of African Sociable vultures have become the proud owners of an egg, and have established a precedent among Zoo vultures by behaving in a natural, parental manner.

This spring the Sociable vultures built a nest on a platform high up in their aviary, and a few days before Easter the hen bird began to spend nearly all her time in the nest. The keeper kept her under careful observation, and from the next-door cage managed to get a glimpse of the nest and found that it contained an egg.

### Watching and Waiting

The vulture is now sitting patiently on her treasure, and although chicks are ever an uncertainty until they can be seen hopping about the cage, the Zoo is hoping that in due course the menagerie will be able to boast of its first baby vulture.

Usually the bird crouches so far down over her egg that she is hidden from view by the sides of the platform, but occasionally she sits upright and may then be seen examining her nursery.

Her temper has become dangerously bad, and although her mate seems to take no notice of the egg he, too, is aggressive and resents prolonged stares from passers-by.

### Eggs But No Chicks

Once or twice before Zoo vultures and eagles have built nests, but they have never filled them; while other eagles and vultures have occasionally laid eggs but omitted to make provision for them, with the result that the eggs were broken within a few minutes of their appearance. The two Sociable vultures have already brought distinction on themselves by treating their egg with proper respect, and even if they do not manage to present the Zoo with a chick they will deserve to be congratulated for their attempt.

An 18-foot African python has been providing the Reptile House with a thrill. When the cages in the Reptile House are washed every morning the practice is to open the sliding doors of the den communicating with the service passage, place a hose between the doors, and then fasten them with wire so that the hose can spray the cages while the keepers attend to other duties.

### A Surprise For the Keepers

This great python has always been interested in the service passage and has frequently pushed his head against the opening made by the hosepipe as though attempting to push his way through. And apparently he did wish to get through, for one morning the keepers suddenly discovered that the reptile was in the service passage with them. He had managed to bend the wire holding the doors until it had worked loose enough for him to push open the doors and glide out.

Fortunately, in spite of his great size, this python is docile. Two keepers grasped him carefully and guided him back to his cage and captivity.

Owing to the design of the Reptile House the python was safely enclosed in the service passage, and even if he had proved difficult to manage he could not have found his way into the public part of the building or have wandered out into the Gardens.



## Every Mother knows the Best Health Beverage

THE health of her children is one of the chief concerns of every mother. That is why, in countless thousands of homes, "Ovaltine" is the regular daily beverage.

"Ovaltine" is the ideal beverage for children because it supplies, in an easily digested form, the food elements which are not present in sufficient quantities in the ordinary daily dietary. It makes good the energy they spend so prodigally and it builds up brain, nerves and body.

Long practical experience has proved that there is nothing to equal "Ovaltine" for maintaining health and vitality.

"Ovaltine" is prepared from the highest qualities of malt, milk and eggs. Unlike imitations, it does not contain any household sugar to give it bulk and to reduce the cost. Nor does it contain a large percentage of cocoa—consequently it does not possess an excessive cocoa flavour, which many persons dislike. There is only one "Ovaltine," and nothing "just as good." Reject substitutes.

**OVALTINE**  
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds up Brain, Nerve and Body

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland  
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.



# Troubles OF 1933



Mum's weeping — Dad's gone to business with a bang—Tom swears he won't come home to-night—Madge's going to stay at Aunt Agatha's—even Gran's got her patient look.

*And all because we've changed to Daily Sketch!*

Mother got down early to read *Modestina*—"saves her pounds and pounds." Dad wouldn't let anyone near it till he'd finished *Candidus*. Tom was taking his girl out, so he had to read *Paul Holt* on the new talkie, or was it *Jesse Collings*—the chap they're all crazy about—on last night's play? Madge tried to snatch it for Mr. Gossip and D'Alroy's *Diary* and what dresses *Lady Moira Combe* told her to get.

The twins (that's me and Bridget) late for school—the comic strips!

And Grannie mumbling about "the selfishness of young people" and "they knew she could only see the wireless properly in the *Daily Sketch*." . . .

*Hooray, trouble's over, Dad's 'phoned he's ordered TWO Daily Sketches in future as the whole family enjoys it.*



# DAILY SKETCH

Make it  
a habit...  
order it  
NOW

The Premier  
Picture Newspaper

## HOME FROM UR A House From Bricks of Nebuchadnezzar's Day

19,000 RELICS

It must be thrilling to live in a house built from bricks which the builders for Nebuchadnezzar handled, on land on which he walked in his pride or crawled in his abasement. It is in a house of this character that our good friends Mr and Mrs Leonard Woolley have been passing the winter, excavating among the ruins of Ur in the Chaldees for the eleventh successive year.

So rich were their discoveries last winter that they have returned earlier than usual in order that the book in which they will tell the world of them may be completed by the autumn. Mr Woolley is conducting these excavations for the British Museum and Pennsylvania University, and from year to year students make their way to Bloomsbury to see the evidences of a civilisation of 4000 years ago in the special gallery devoted to the previous year's work.

Jewels and ornaments without price have been shown there as well as objects used in the households of the people of whom we read in the Bible. Mr Woolley has already catalogued over 19,000 complete objects, a miracle of accomplishment in itself. We look forward to his new book and his next exhibition with eagerness. He is certain to have some surprises in store for us.

## A BRIGHT BOY WANTED France and Her New Ship

It is not only the British Cabinet who needs the bright boy the C.N. has often sighed for; apparently France has some need of him.

France is rightly proud of her new luxury liner *Normandie*. She has a displacement of 70,000 tons, her length is 1027 feet, her height 128 feet from bridge to keel. Officers and crew, together with the hotel staff, will number 1400, there will be accommodation for 2500 passengers, and the vessel will speed at thirty knots.

But that is by no means the end of the story; in fact, it is only the beginning, for it has now been discovered that the vessel cannot get out of the port of St Nazaire.

The Chamber of Commerce has decided to raise a loan of £120,000 to defray the cost of rearranging the wharves, and soon all may be well—if only somebody will engage a bright boy to stop such stupid things happening in future.

## A JEW TO HIS OLD SCHOOL

Hidden away in the back pages of our newspapers are often paragraphs revealing some of the multitudinous small things, done quietly and without fuss, which are helping to change the world for the better. Here is a little story we came across the other day.

More than twenty years ago a poor Jewish boy went to a Council School at Bolton. He was lonely and unhappy because the boys, more from thoughtlessness and ignorance than from cruelty, made fun of him and despised him because he was a Jew.

Now that he has made good in life, and left the days of poverty and ridicule far behind him, he has made up his mind to do something so that present and future boys of his old school may show a better feeling to those who are either Jews or foreigners.

He has founded a trust fund, out of which prizes are to be given every year for the best essays on Tolerance. These he reads himself, and the prize-winner receives £5 worth of Savings Certificates, while there are several smaller prizes.

## THE PASSING OF A PATRIARCH

Head of a Great Family

THE PROUD HOUSE OF MAKIC

The last (or almost the last) of the patriarchs died the other day in southern Yugo-Slavia at the ripe age of a hundred.

There are still a few families left in that country whose members carry on the old patriarchal tradition of obeying the head of the house in all things and having family wealth in common; but there is none so rich or important as the family of Makics, of which the dead patriarch was the head.

A vast domain, composed of wheat-fields and tobacco-fields, vineyards and forests and much good pasture land, amply satisfied the wants of the hundred and odd children, grandchildren, great and great-great-grandchildren whom the old patriarch ruled with a rod of iron to the day of his death.

### Entirely Self-Supporting

Although the tobacco-fields produced some of the best tobacco in the country and the vineyards some of the best wine, smoking and drinking were forbidden on pain of being put outside the pale of the domestic community.

It is an interesting fact that the huge household is entirely self-supporting, in the manner in which families used to be so in olden times. The well-filled barns keep the community in bread and flour all the year round; meat, milk, cheese, and other milk products are supplied by the herds and flocks; the women of the family spin and weave the flax which they themselves have grown, and make the clothes they and their menfolk wear.

The family has its own mill for the grinding of the corn, and gets its fuel and timber from its own woods. It has even a mosque of its own, where it goes through its devotions in family privacy, the old autocrat who ruled it having declared that by going to church in the nearest village much precious time would be lost which might be better employed otherwise.

### TOPSY-TURVY

#### Workers Throwing Work Away

"Oh, you're Irish!" we say of one who finds it difficult to express himself, meaning that his ideas are topsy-turvy.

We cannot tell the origin of the familiar phrase, yet the irony of fate has brought it home to the railway workers of Northern Ireland.

For many weeks past there has been a railway strike in Northern Ireland, with very few trains running anywhere. But people must travel, if only to and from business, and as the railways did not cater for him the man in the street came to rely on the available road transport.

Ulster has been going everywhere by road. People had to find an alternative means of transport, and the lack of trains did not worry them, so efficient did the bus services become.

The revolution in transport organisation which has taken place is almost unbelievable. Road travel has now become the great thing. New concerns have sprung up in the hour of necessity, long-established contractors have reorganised their firms, and the road people have captured business on a grand scale, little of which can ever be regained by the railways.

### FIRST SLEEPER IN LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL

The first burial has lately taken place in Liverpool Cathedral.

Sir Robert Jones, the famous orthopaedic surgeon and author, was laid to rest in a gallery in one of the transepts which has been set aside as a place of honour where may be buried the ashes of distinguished citizens who have done great service to their generation.



# THE FLYING BANDIT

Serial Story by  
T. C. Bridges

## CHAPTER 11

### Jock Jumps

Jock knew Tim was right; it was clearly out of the question that they should alight on the beach.

Looking down, he saw the men below staring up at the plane. He could not recognise their faces, yet one looked curiously like Red. Yes, it was Red himself, for he was walking with a stick. He must have been mistaken about the man he had seen just before they left Garvo House.

"Keep on," Jock said to Tim. "Fly right on and see if there's any place where we can land."

"There isn't," Tim told him. "The only thing will be to go on to the nearest aerodrome and get help."

"And by that time Red and his pal will have got the stones and cleared out."

"It's bad luck, Jock, but I don't see how it can be helped. I'd only crash if I tried to put her down here."

Jock's brain always worked best in a tight place; suddenly an idea flashed into his head.

"Listen," he said eagerly. "Don't go on to Bristol. Throttle down and fly in a circle. I'm going down."

"Are you crazy?" demanded Tim.

"Not a bit. There's a parachute in behind. I spotted it when I was looking for the helmets."

"A parachute! Have you ever used one?"

"No; but I've seen it done ever so many times. I've helped a chap to put one on."

Before Tim could say anything more Jock had disconnected the phones and scrambled back and was groping around in the after compartment of the plane. When he came back Tim saw that he had the pack strapped on his back. Tim was very upset.

"It's a horrible risk," he said. "Even if the thing opens all right you can't tell where you'll drop."

"The wind's north-west," Jock told him, "so I shan't go into the sea anyhow. And there aren't a lot of houses. As for risks, well, we've taken a few already, and £2000 reward is worth a few more. Don't worry. I shall be all right."

Tim knew it was no use arguing. Though his acquaintance with Jock was only a few hours old it had been long enough to realise that his new friend had a will of iron.

Jock was speaking again.

"Go up to about three thousand, then come round right over the beach. That's where I shall get off. Afterwards you'd better fly to Bristol, tell 'em what's happened and ask 'em to send help as quick as they can."

Tim's lips set firmly.

"Right you are, Jock. I only hope we find you whole and not in small pieces."

Jock laughed, and Tim was inwardly amazed at his confidence for there was nothing reckless or boastful in the laugh.

Tim obeyed Jock's directions implicitly. He rose and circled while Jock watched for the right spot at which to make his start. Presently he stood up. He drew a long, deep breath, then stepped over the side of the cockpit as calmly as if he were getting off a tram.

The wind whistled and screamed past his ears as he dropped into space; he pulled at the cord which would release the bundled parachute, yet nothing happened, and for a few horrid seconds he felt panic. Then came the welcome crack and snap of the silk as it unfolded above him. The parachute opened, grew taut, and with a jerk the stout harness tightened around his body. After that he was able to breathe easily and he found himself floating in mid-air as softly as a bit of thistledown.

The roar of the plane was still loud in his ears and he saw it headed for Bristol, travelling at great speed.

He grinned. "Stout fellow, Tim. He isn't going to waste time bringing help." Then he looked down. The robbers' plane was still on the beach but he could not see Red or his companion. The breeze was carrying him inland and they were hidden from him by the cliff.

A nuisance, this wind. It was stronger than he had thought, and he was being carried rapidly southward. Already he saw that, instead of landing near the edge of the cliffs as he had hoped, he would be taken at least half a mile inland.

The air grew warmer. Cradled in the harness, the descent seemed endless. Jock was horribly afraid that Red might find the emeralds and clear off with them before he himself could reach the spot.

He was now falling quite fast. He remembered something his father had once told him, that the speed at which a para-

chute jumper strikes the ground is equal to that of jumping down from a 10-foot wall, and that if you don't bend your knees you may damage yourself badly.

He drew up his legs, and almost before he knew it his feet had touched the ground. He flung himself flat and was dragged along for some distance. It was lucky for him that it was grass on which he had dropped; if it had been hard ground he would have been badly bruised. The great expanse of silk flattened against the ground and Jock was able to unstrap the catches, and free himself from the harness. He did not wait to fold up the parachute: that could be left till later. Picking himself up, he ran hard for the edge of the cliff.

The distance was greater than he had thought. It was nearly a mile, and he had to scramble through several hedges and climb a couple of walls. He was panting and drenched with perspiration by the time he reached the top of the cliff.

He looked over. There was nothing there at all, no plane, no men, not a living thing except a few gulls.

## CHAPTER 12

### The Slippery Shale

Jock stared. He could hardly believe his eyes. He looked up into the sky but could see no sign of the robbers' plane, or of any other. He certainly had not heard it go, but of course the cliffs might have shut off the sound.

Anyhow, it was gone, and Jock's heart sank at the thought that Red must have found the emeralds and taken them away. In that case he feared they were lost beyond all hope of recovery, and with them went all chance of the reward. Jock himself was not a greedy sort, but it was his longing to get his father back to England that made him so keen for a share of that two thousand.

All this passed through his mind in a flash, then he was running along the cliff-top, looking for a place to climb down. His one idea was to find out whether Red had actually discovered the hiding-place. He found a gully and started down. It was a dangerous place for the steep slope was covered with loose shale. Yet for once Jock's usual caution deserted him and he clambered down at reckless speed.

He ran down the bottom of the gully and out on to the beach. In front the small muddy waves of the Bristol Channel broke on the sand but, look as he might, he could see nothing else.

It occurred to him that Red might have left his companion to watch him, and Jock paused long enough to carefully survey the cliff face. But he saw no place where a man could hide, and feeling sure that there was no one in sight ran down the beach to the spot where the odd-shaped rock lay. He got his bearings between it and the stunted tree on top of the cliff and climbed quickly up to the hiding-place.

He found it without trouble, and drew a long breath of relief as he saw that the stones with which he had wedged the mouth were still in position. Pulling them out he thrust his hand in and drew out the bundle of jewels still wrapped in his own dirty handkerchief.

"Good luck!" he cried joyfully, and sliding down waited a moment to take a glance at the sparkling gems.

"Won't Tim be pleased?" he said to himself, "and Hanley. Even if we share the reward between the three of us it'll be over £600 apiece."

A shadow fell across him and he looked up. A plane, with engine cut out, was swooping down swift and silent as a vast hawk. Jock's heart turned over as he recognised it for the one he had seen on the beach little more than half an hour before. Stuffing the emeralds into the pockets of his jacket, he turned and ran for all he was worth for the cleft by which he had gained the beach.

From the first he knew it was hopeless. Red had been too cunning for him. Red must have recognised the other plane at once and taxied away to a safe distance from which he could watch what was happening. Far easier to let Jock find the stones than spend hours searching.

As Jock gained the mouth of the cleft he heard the plane land close behind him.

"Just as well chuck it, Freeland," came Red's deep voice. "You can't get away from us."

Jock knew it, yet he never turned his head but made a frantic run at the steep slope down which he had come. His rush carried him some 20 feet up the slope then, just as his outstretched fingers were almost touching the projecting spike of rock, the

Continued on the next page

## Meet "HAPPY" CHAPMAN

Number Ten of the CHUMS "Gallery of Famous Readers" is that tremendous cricketer—A. P. F. CHAPMAN. Tremendous he is in every sense of the word—a giant in stature and a veritable tower of strength at the wicket. Meet him in the May issue of this most famous boys' magazine. He's an old reader of whom any paper might well be proud and he sends a special message to his successors in the ranks of CHUMS enthusiasts.

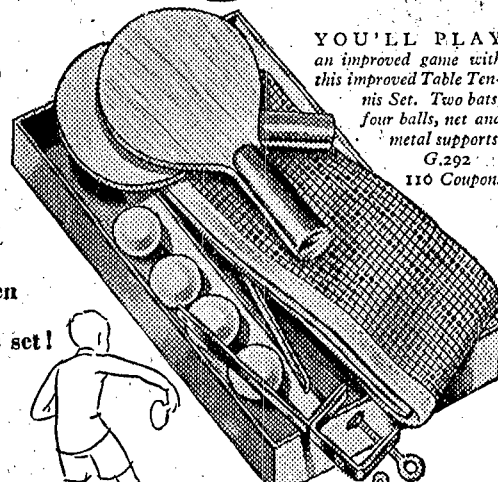


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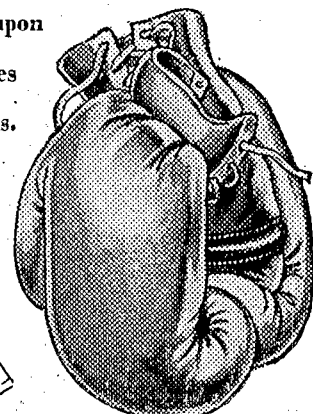
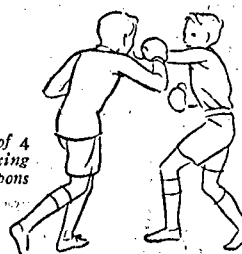


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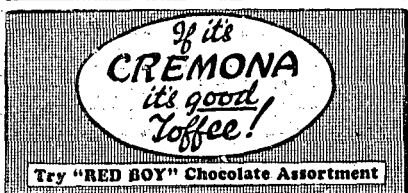


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treacherous shale gave way and he felt himself sliding down. As he reached the bottom a pair of hard hands gripped him.

"You young fool!" growled a harsh voice. "Didn't you hear what Red said?"

Jock was not done yet. Instead of pulling away he ducked down and drove his head into his captor's stomach. Down went the man flat on his back and Jock spun round and made another dash up the slope. It was no good. That miserable shale again betrayed him and he slipped back once more, helpless, into the grasp of his enemy.

"Butt me in the stomach, will you?" The man's horny hand smacked Jock across the jaw with a force that made his head ring.

"Chuck that, Mark!" Jock had never yet heard Red angry, and the sound of his voice was almost terrifying. "Didn't I tell you I wouldn't have the kid hurt?" Red's very blue eyes were blazing. In spite of his lame leg he looked so formidable that the man named Mark shrank.

"He butted me in the wind," he said. "Serve you right for not watching him. I told you he was a fire-eater."

Red stood leaning on his stick, looking at Jock.

"Fortune of war, son," he said in a very different tone. "I'll have to ask you for those emeralds." Then as he saw Jock glance round, "It's no use, my boy. There's no one within sight or hearing. Give 'em up. I don't want to be forced to take them."

Give Jock a ghost of a chance and he would fight like a fury, but now he was beaten and knew it. He pulled the emeralds from his pocket and handed them over.

"But I'll have them back, Red," he said very quietly.

Red did not laugh.

"If you were five years older I believe you would," he answered candidly. "How did you get away with that plane? Did you knock out the mechanic?"

"No. You'll hear all about it when you get home."

Red laughed. "It'll be a long time before I see Garve again, Freeland," and Jock thought he caught a note of regret in the big man's voice.

Mark cut in. "Let's go, Red," he said sharply. "There'll be police planes out after us if we aren't sharp."

"Yes, I reckon we must be moving," said Red. "See here, Freeland, I don't want to take you with me, but I can't have you

running off for help. I've got to tie you up. Someone will find you before long."

"Better take him along and dump him somewhere," growled Mark. "He knows too much."

Red turned on the man with sudden fierceness.

"Shut your mouth. Who's running this show?" he said, in a tone which made the other shrink. Then he took some cord from his pocket. Mark put out his hand for it but Red shook his head.

"I'll do the tying," he said dryly. "I don't want the boy left like a mummy. He's got more pluck than you, anyhow."

Mark scowled but said nothing, and Jock saw he was afraid of Red. Red directed Jock to walk to the middle of the beach.

"They'll see you more easily," he explained. Then he made him lie down and tied his wrists behind his back and, afterwards, his ankles. He made good solid knots but did not pull the cord brutally hard.

"So long, Freeland," he said. "No ill-feeling, I hope."

"None at all," Jock said. "All the same I'll have those emeralds before I've done."

"I wonder," said Red, and with a nod hobbled off to the plane and scrambled in.

Mark followed and Jock saw him pull over the prop. The engine roared; the plane began to move. It gained pace, rose and turned north. Jock watched it rise to a great height and drive away across the Channel. As it disappeared in the distance a wave of bitterness swept over him and for a little while he felt as if nothing mattered. He had messed it up, lost his chance; it was all finished. He had never felt so despondent in all his life.

But that did not last long. Jock was not the sort to give up to despair. By this time Tim would be in Bristol. Help would come soon, then the wires would be busy and pursuit organised.

But the tide was coming in fast and the water was no more than 20 paces from where he lay. He realised with a nasty shock that the spot where Red had left him was below high-tide mark, and that within a very few minutes the rising tide would reach him.

Unless he could get away, unless help came he was doomed to be drowned. Again he looked at the sky, but it was empty as the beach, and though there were ships out in the Channel they were far out of hailing distance.

TO BE CONTINUED

## JACKO GETS MORE THAN HE DESERVES

JACKO'S mother had sent him upstairs for a handkerchief. But the first thing he caught sight of as he ran into the bedroom was Father's gold watch!

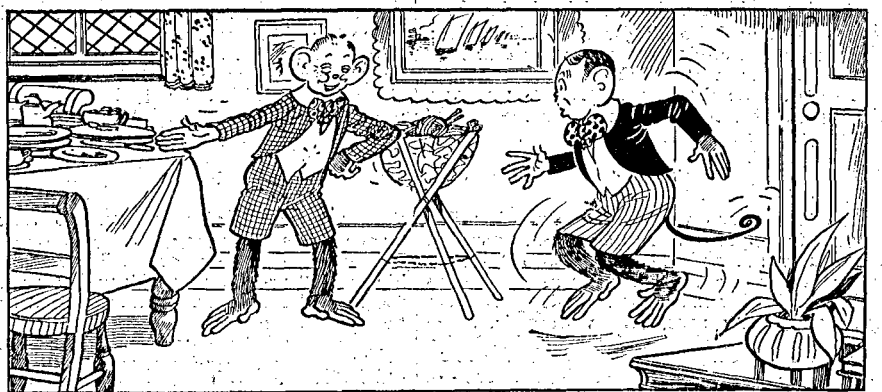
"Coo!" he cried. "I wonder what made him forget that!"

It was a handsome watch, and, as it was the first time that Jacko had had a

day. And then when he put his hand into his pocket—the watch had gone!

"I don't think I want any more, Mater," he said faintly; and, to his mother's surprise, he rushed out.

For the best part of an hour he hunted from end to end of the playing-fields, but there was no sign of the



"Tuck in!" said Chimp. "It's all for us"

chance of examining it, he picked it up.

"Come along, Jacko!" called his mother impatiently.

Jacko slipped the watch into his pocket, caught up the handkerchief, and ran downstairs.

"Now run along to the pillar-box with this letter," said Mother Jacko.

Jacko took to his heels, and just reached the box as the postman put his key in the lock.

"Hullo!" cried a voice; and there was one of his school friends, with a cricket bat tucked under his arm.

"Come and have a knock-up," he said. And off they went together.

Jacko forgot all about the watch till he was halfway through his dinner that

watch. He was going sadly away when he ran into Chimp.

"Hullo!" cried Chimp. "You're the very chap I was looking for. I've got a surprise for you. Come on," and he caught hold of Jacko's arm and dragged him off to his home.

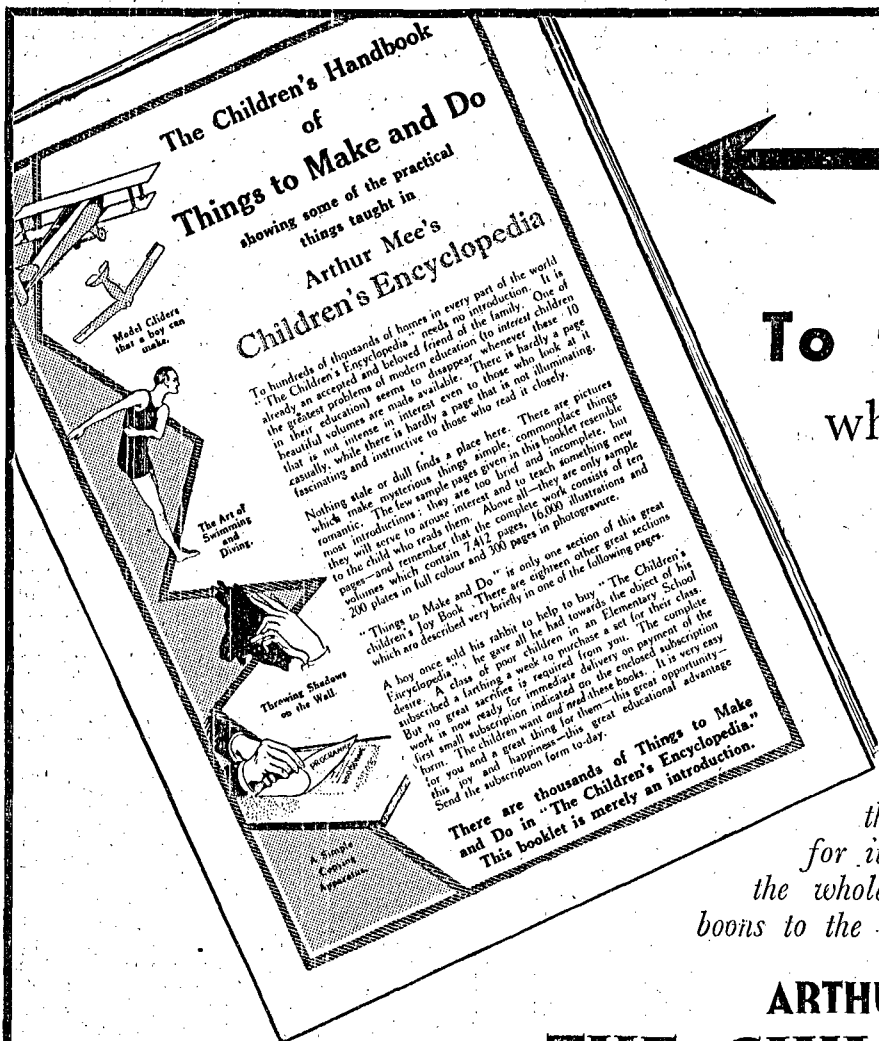
On the table in the dining-room was a regular feast of cakes, buns, and strawberry jam. Jacko's eyes sparkled.

"Tuck in!" said Chimp. "It's all for us; there's nobody else in the house."

"But where did you get it from?" asked Jacko.

"Ha!" said Chimp. "That's the surprise. I found your dad's gold watch in the playing-fields this morning—and he gave me five shillings reward!"





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## THE BRAN TUB

### An Egg Problem

A HOUSEWIFE out shopping saw two shops where she could buy eggs. At the second shop she would get two more for a shilling than at the first. She also worked out that the eggs at the second shop were a penny a dozen cheaper.

What was the price of the eggs at each shop? *Answer next week*

### A Garibaldi Stamp

THIS red 5-lire stamp commemorates the fiftieth anniversary of the death of the great Italian patriot Giuseppe Garibaldi on the island of Caprera. Born at Nice in 1807, Garibaldi had an adventurous life, and as a leader of irregular troops he played an important part in the achievement of Italian independence. His followers were known as "redshirts." He died on June 2, 1882.



### The Spotted Flycatcher

ANOTHER bird for farmers and gardeners to place on their list of friends is the spotted flycatcher, which arrives in the late spring. The young birds are spotted, but when full grown they have various shades of brown on the back and dull white underparts.

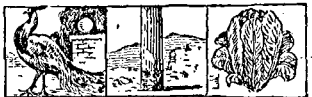
These birds find some high vantage point from which they make sudden raids to snap up insects, returning each time to their original perch.

### A Riddle in Rhyme

A PART of dress, I'd have you guess,  
By men and women it is worn;  
A blow no less it will express,  
Which those who feel have cause to mourn.

*Answer next week*

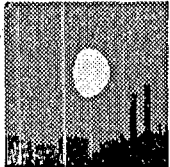
### Ici On Parle Français



Le paon La colonne La laitue  
peacock pillar lettuce

Le paon se pavane dans la cour.  
C'est la seule colonne qui reste.  
J'aime bien la salade de laitue.

**Other Worlds Next Week**  
IN the morning the planet Saturn is in the South-East. In the evening Mars, Jupiter, and Neptune are in the South. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 9 p.m. on Thursday, May 4.



**Beheaded Word**  
WHOLE, in me a disunion you'll see;  
Twice behead, a similitude then I shall be;  
Behead me again, round a nice country village  
You'll see me lie, just ready for tillage;  
Twice more behead, you'll then see, at length,  
That I clearly denote to be of some strength.

*Answer next week*

**Will the Summer Be Fine?**  
An old rhyme tells us that  
East winds early in Spring  
A brilliant Summer will bring.  
There may be some truth in this,  
judging by what happened in the years 1911 and 1921; when for weeks before and some time after the Spring Equinox the winds blew from an easterly direction. Toward the end of April the

weather became very fine and hot weather continued, with a few short rainy spells, until the late autumn. In March of the present year there was a notable prevalence of winds from the East or South-East, and the days on which the wind blew from a westerly quarter were very few.

May we take this as a sign that the summer of 1933 is likely to be very hot and dry?

### Sunlight

ON a clear day the Sun gives 465,000 times as much light to the Earth as the Full Moon gives, and 120,000,000 times more than all the stars put together.

### What Bird is This?

IN the string but not in the rope,  
In the wish but not in the hope,  
In the marsh but not in the fen,  
In the lair but not in the den,  
In the lens but not in the sight,  
In the glow but not in the light,  
In the warble but not in the sing,  
Complete, this bird is now seen on the wing.

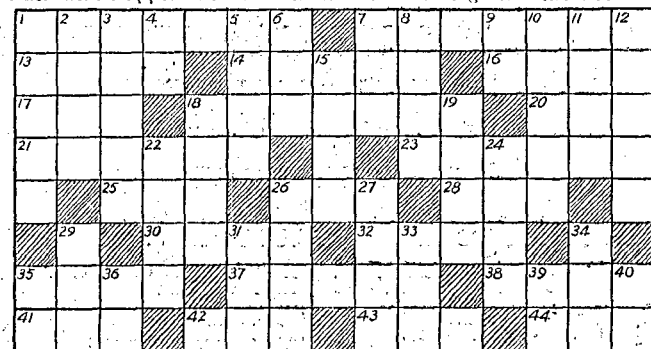
*Answer next week*

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

**A Sheepfold Problem.** 7, 14, 28, 56  
**What Does It Mean?**  
Here stop and spend a social hour  
In harmless mirth and fun;  
Let friendship reign, be just and kind,  
And evil speak of none.  
**A Rhyming Riddle.** The letter M

### The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 49 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



**Reading Across.** 1. Something distinctive. 7. Systematic knowledge. 13. Crippled. 14. To present for acceptance. 16. Reward. 17. A poisonous snake. 18. Moved round a centre. 20. Artificial hair. 21. Rarely. 23. To interweave twigs. 25. Devour. 26. The ocean. 28. Public conveyance. 30. A story. 32. To proceed. 35. A thread of metal. 37. Natives of the Emerald Isle. 38. Leg joint. 41. A man-like animal. 42. A poem. 43. Part of the head. 44. A cereal.

**Reading Down.** 1. Sudden burst of light. 2. Comfort. 3. Plenty. 4. Note of tonic solfa scale. 5. Space. 6. A new. 7. To place in position. 8. A ship's company. 9. Printer's measure. 10. British amphibians. 11. To provide with a ceiling. 12. Provided with a border. 15. Provisions of the table. 18. A list. 19. Quick, light blows. 22. The edible fruit of a palm. 24. Possessed by an elephant. 26. To wither. 27. Part of a church. 29. The extremity. 31. A cover. 33. Exclamation of triumph. 34. A beverage. 35. Western Australia. 36. Royal Engineers. 39. Negative. 40. French for and.

## Dr MERRYMAN

### Helpful

GEORGE: Have you got the time?

Jack: Part of it; the hour hand's missing from my watch, but it's ten minutes to something.

### Thoughtful Man

THE little man who called at the estate agent's insisted that he wanted a place three miles from the nearest house.

"You wish to practise the simple life, sir?" smiled the clerk.  
"Oh, dear no," replied the house-hunter, "I wish to practise the cornet."

### Values

THE publicity man was showing some visitors round the film studio.

"Now this clever little dog," he said, "costs us fifty pounds a week."

"And I had to be born a human," quietly murmured a small-part player.

### There and Back Again



WHEN Susan Jane starts off to school  
She doesn't hurry, as a rule,  
To History and Sums;  
But coming home at half-past three  
She thinks of toast and things for tea,  
And speedily she comes!

### A Mighty Man

RASTUS was a little worried, for it was his first day on a new job, and the work was hard.

"Say, massa," he said to the foreman, "are yo' suah yo' hab me on de pay-roll all right?"

"Yes, here you are," said the foreman, pointing to a name: "Rastus Simpson; that's you, isn't it?"

"Yas, sah, dat's me; but Ah was mighty 'fraid yo' had me down as Samson."

## More Help for THE LITTLE FOLKS HOME

### BEXHILL.

Contributions received in response to The Children's Newspaper Appeal since 23rd February, 1933.

Olive Stephenson	£ 3 0	Mrs. Hesbeth	£ 5 0
Miss E. M. Ratford	2 0	Mrs. Davidson	10 0
Mrs. Oldham	10 0	Rosemary Fletcher	10 0
Andrew Spence and Isobel McDonald	1 13 0	Mrs. F. M. Warren	5 0
Bridge West	1 0	Miss Audrey Tre-	1 0
Miss I. Forrester	2 6	sider-Wills	1 0
Miss B. M. Heald	2 6	Barbara Groves	10 0
Elizabeth Kitson	2 6	Miss H. A. Carter	5 0
Miss Kathleen Col-	10 0	Miss Anne Magniao	5 0
lett		Mrs. Evans	1 0
Audrey Shirley-	2 6	Miss Margaret Trons	1 0
Jones	2 6	Miss Faith Payne	6 0
Rosemary Nicholls	1 0	Sheila Butler	10 0
Dorothy E. Brown	5 0	T. Moss	2 0
A. K.	5 0	Miss W. E. Banks	2 0
An Avshire Family	10 0	Miss Tatton Brown	4 0
Miss H. Davey	5 0	1st Bishops Wal-	
Miss E. M. Abram	5 0	tham Guides	7 6
Catrina Murray	5 0	Valerie Bacon	4 6
Mrs. Stoddard and family	12 0	Colonel McIlroy	5 6
J. W. Giviner	1 0	Miss A. Laidlaw	10 0
Miss P. Hardwick	6 0	Miss P. Hardwick	10 0
Miss K. Sutcliffe	2 6	Mr. W. J. Pluch	1 0
		Anonymous	5 2 0

Total received to 7th April, 1933: £147 7 6.

From the patients at the Home—Many thanks!

REMEMBER. The Little Folks Home costs £3300 a year to maintain, and the Editor would like C.N. readers to provide it.

PLEASE SEND YOUR GIFT to—  
THE SUNSHINE LADY,

THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN, HACKNEY ROAD, E.2,

or write to her for a collecting box.

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## TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

MARK was waiting outside the farm in his mother's new car while she went in for the eggs when he saw Peters come running along the lane.

Mark had just started to go to school. Peters was the biggest boy in the school, and of course took no notice of a little new boy, though Mark admired Peters greatly, and thought how splendid it would be to know him. He had even once said "Hullo!" shyly to Peters, but Peters had not heard, or at any rate he had taken no notice.

Mark watched Peters coming, looking very hot and red in the face. As he reached the car the little case he was carrying shot open and everything in it fell out helter-skelter into the road.

"Oh, bother!" said Peters. Mark scrambled out of the car and began to collect the scattered things.



"Here you are," he said

"Here you are!" he said, handing Peters a hair-brush and a stamp-album.

"Thanks—thanks very much!" said Peters. "You're Pitman, the new kid, aren't

you?" he added. "I know I shall lose my train over this wretched thing!"

"Are you going for a train?" asked Mark shyly.

"Yes, I'm meeting my uncle on it; he's taking me and my cousins to the circus. I'm going to stay the night. And if I'm not on the platform he'll think I'm not coming, and I shall miss the whole show. There, that's got everything, I think! I must run for my life."

"Look!" said Mark. "Why don't you wait till my mother comes? She'll be here in a minute, and I know she'll run you to the station in the car. We're going that way."

"Wh-oo!" said Peters, mopping his forehead. "That'd be fine if she would!"

## MARK AND PETERS

When Mrs. Pitman came out with the eggs she said she would be very pleased to drop Peters at the station.

"It's very kind of you," said Peters, on his best behaviour; "I'm sure I should never have caught the train if you hadn't given me a lift. I was late starting because I couldn't find my cap."

"Well, I hope you will enjoy your visit," said Mark's mother as Peters climbed out at the station.

"Thank you very much indeed," he said; "and could Pitman come and have tea with me one day next week? I've got a new model engine for my railway."

"I'd love to," said Mark, beaming at him with delight. "Oh, thank you, Peters!"